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DECORATION DAY.

BY REV. DR. BADGER.

The Winter storms to blooming Spring
Give way, as clouds of battle fly
Before the soft winds' fanning wing,
And leave to sunshine all the sky.

So in the dark and wintry past
The storms of war rose wild and vast,
In clouds of ever widening girth,
Clouds not of heaven but of earth,
Veiling the scenes whose only light
Was heroism's lustre white;
As now not many days ago,
Winter's one glory was the snow.

What host is this again called forth?
Peace reigns alike o'er South and North,
Yet sprung to being in a day,
All weaponed as to guard a king,
Wreath-laden as to welcome Spring,
Behold its legions on their way;
Its van a front of battle lowers,
Its rear guard children armed with flowers.

To yonder tents, so green, so deep,
Where never tread of sentinel
Or drum-beat breaks the soldiers' sleep,
For watchful thousands guard them well.

In hope like theirs no venom lurks,
Such laurels noble lives renew,
Redeemed and victors crowned shall they
In wider spheres, by holier works
Grow brighter to the perfect day,
For patriot souls, so brave and true,
In every land so nobly few,
Believe it, God has more to do.

But see where o'er yon camp of graves,
O'er each the starry banner waves,
From each the sanguined stripes are gone,
By sunshine bleached and rainy flood,
So from our memories while we mourn,
Our tears should bleach the trace of blood.

The battles of our dead are done,
To them what sacred rite so sweet
As that while they in Heaven are one
We, at their graves as brothers meet.
O, South! O, North! their longings crown,
Let no more suns on wrath go down.

Like fathers whose long feud is done,
Since each hath lost his champion son,
Give to your pent-up tears relief,
Together mourn those spirits fled,
And pitying each the others grief,
Beside their graves with drooping head,
At last clasp hands above your dead.

HAZELEY MILL.

By LOUISA CROW.

CHAPTER I.

A busy place is the old wooden mill at Hazeley from the rising to the setting of the sun, as the clacking wheels whirr steadily round to the music of the falling waters, and the miller's men bustle in and out, and up and down at their dusty labors.

And a cheerful place is the mill when the light of day is gleaming and glistening on the rapid stream beside it; and wagons from the neighboring villages, or broadfaced farmers, in their chaise-carts, come to and fro to traffic with the wealthy miller; or tarry—for old acquaintance sake—on their way home from the town to discuss the rise in prices, or the latest news gathered there; or to have a social chat and cup of tea, with the miller's pleasant, hospitable wife.

But when night falls and work is over, the spot wears, to unaccustomed eyes, a dull and solitary aspect. On two sides the little river environs it closely; on the third the miller's garden and fields extend for a considerable distance; and on the other, the narrow highway alone separates the miller's domain from a few acres of woodland, the poor remnant of what had once been an extensive forest.

Not a house is nearer than a cluster of labourers' cottages, half a mile away; and the village of Hazeley, in itself but one straggling street, lies still farther from the solitary mill. But those who once dwelt within it knew no fears. For years they had found shelter and safety under its roof, even when floods from the adjacent hills roared around the very door-step, and isolated them for days from the dry ground beyond.

Their most troublesome visitors were but a footsore tramp, whose thanks and blessings were easily won by a seat in the porch, and a hearty meal; or—and this was but rarely—a gang of gipsies, whom the prudent dame, with a view to the safety of her hen-roost, while they encamped in the vicinity, was careful to conciliate.

Besides, Abel Weston, the miller, was large-limbed and strong-armed; and in the peaceful valley where he lived and prospered, greater crimes than the petty pilfering of saucy boys in the orchards or farm-yards, were almost unknown.

From the time she was a merry active child, delighted to help Mrs. Weston in her garden, or peep with awe-delighted eyes into the mysteries of grinding and bolting, Katie Morris, the neatest and prettiest little girl in Hazeley, had been a member of the miller's household.

At first she was welcomed as an amusing visitor; then prized for her tender ministration, when the dame's eyes began to fail, and her once active limbs to stiffen; and, eventually, as Katie was one of a large family, whose parents could scarcely contrive to maintain them all, it was arranged that she should receive a regular wage for her willing services.

From thenceforth she resided entirely with the aged couple; and as she blossomed into fair womanhood, her light footfall and merry songs filling the house with pleasant sounds, the miller and his wife grew to love their protegee as dearly as if she were their own child.

"Together mourn those spirits fled,
And pitying each the others grief.

"Beside their graves with drooping head,
At last clasp hands above your dead."

But her friends were not without that frequent blemish—family pride. In their great Bible there were registered generations of staunch yeomen, who had intermarried with the most reputable and ancient families in the county; and Katie, who had never heard a reproachful word from her indulgent employers, saw their brows bent upon her sternly and disapprovingly, when their nephew and heir, handsome Hugh, so far forgot himself as to linger by her side in the porch at twilight, and to steal a kiss from her cheek as they parted.

Abel Weston could easily separate the young people, and he did so, by sending Hugh to London, to see a little of the world, under the guardianship of a bustling trader, who claimed kinship with him. But would this root out the love with which Katie had inspired the lad? And if not, what was to be done?

Hugh was ardent and impetuous, and if aroused by aught he deemed unjust, or even ungenerous, obstinate to a degree. Against his choice what had they to urge but her poverty and her birth? They had well liked Katie, and she deserved that they should; but they never forgot that her mother was the daughter of a carter who had grown gray in their own service, or that her father! aye, here lay the greatest difficulty of all——

Abel Weston had his hobbies, as other men have; his violin, which he treasured and caressed, and played with the enthusiasm of a fanatic; and his politics.

This Morris, with his radical notions and errors, must *he* be permitted to link himself with their family, and, perhaps, infuse his wild fancies into the mind of the young and enthusiastic Hugh? Abel Weston had begun by fostering a distaste for the saucy workman, whose noisy denunciations of the government measures had shocked and disgusted him; but little by little the rancorous feeling spread until it deepened into hate; and in his wrath he declared to his grieving dame that he would sooner disinherit the boy than see him the husband of Katie Morris!

Katie was accounted by those who knew her best a high-spirited, quick-tempered girl; but now she bore changed looks and cold words uncomplainingly. To leave the mill was to quit Hazeley, and very possibly to see Hugh no more.

Besides, were not they who rebuked her his nearest and dearest relatives? and for his sake what could she not endure? By and by—so she hopefully argued—they would see that the love which had sprung up in their bosoms was no light passion which would wither beneath the first cloud in the sky; and, subdued by her patience and Hugh's entreaties, his uncle would withdraw his tacit opposition, and they should be happy once more.

And thus it might have been, but for the interference of her father. Some gossip-loving neighbor seized the first opportunity of condoling with him on the sorrowful looks of his daughter, Hugh Weston's departure, and the miller's harshness.

His pride in arms that a slight should be cast upon his child, Morris threw down the plane with which he was industriously flogging floor-boards, and, without vouchsafing a comment to his officious and now half-alarmed informant, put on his coat, and went to the mill.

At the gate he encountered Katie, on her way to the village shop, and, drawing her across the road to the shelter of the wood, angrily questioned her.

"You have been in tears. Nay, no denials. These purse-proud Westons have cast your poverty in your teeth, and told you that you are no fit match for their nephew; is it not so?"

She attempted a faint disclaimer, but he would not listen to it.

"I have heard the whole truth of the matter, so why try to deceive me? Come home, child. Nay, you shall stay there no longer. Why, who and what are they to despise you? There is more sense in your little finger, Katie, than in all their shallow pates together. They shall pay dearly for their insolent treatment of you!"

And he shook his fist menacingly in the direction of the mill.

"Who has been telling you this, father? I have made no complaints. Is it known in the village?"

"Aye, child, for it was there I learned it. Leave this house at once. There is food and shelter for you at home."

"No," Katie replied, spiritedly; "I will never be a burden to you, nor stay in Hazeley to be pointed at. I will go right away."

"That's my brave girl! Never fret for Hugh Weston. The lad's well enough, but there are better husbands to be had than he."

But, with the sound of that name, Katie's resolves melted away, and sitting down on a felled tree, she wept piteously.

Not knowing how to console her, Morris paced about, his ire increasing with every sob that burst from the lips of his daughter as she wept.

At last he broke out furiously:

"I must be a blind fool, or I should have seen this long ago, and taken you away. But they shall repent every tear they have made you shed, as sure as my name's Harvey Morris! I'll have a day of reckoning with Abel Weston for this. Come home, I say, at once!"

"Oh, no, no, father!" she pleaded; "the dame is not well; I could not leave with no one at hand to help her. I will quietly say that you have bid me come away, and I promise you that some time in the evening I will let you know when I can be spared."

At first Morris would not hear of this concession. The yearning tenderness Katie felt for those at whose board she had sat so long he could not comprehend, and was half disposed to rate her soundly for her want of spirit. But she was resolute; and, still muttering threats against those who contemned her, he plunged more deeply into the wood, too much discomposed to return to his daily labors.

Katie went on her errand; heard her delay crossly commented on without reply; and then faltered out her intention of quitting the mill.

Dame Weston clasped her feeble fingers and sighed piteously. The miller, although more moved than he would have confessed even to himself, heard her with apparent composure and satisfaction.

"It will be for the better, my wench," he said; "better for you, and for all of us. And you're going quite away? Right; quite right. Get into the town, and see a little more of life; and if you marry a decent, steady lad, let's know, Katie, and the missus shall send ye a wedding dinner, and I'll find something towards the house furniture."

"God bless ye, Katie, wherever ye go," said the old lady, tremulously. "I shall miss ye, sadly. I wish——"

She caught the warning look of her husband and paused; and, by common consent, Katie's future was not discussed again.

With an aching heart, the poor girl all through that day went slowly about the house, bidding a mute farewell to the cosy chambers her willing hands would arrange no more. On the morrow, when the wagon went to the town with a load of flour, the carter was commissioned to bring back with him an elderly cousin of Mrs. Weston's, who would take Katie's place for the present.

Ah! they would soon replace her. Perhaps when Hugh returned another would be filling her duties so deftly that they would almost cease to remember her.

But where would she learn equal forgetfulness?

The mill had been her home so long, that even now, with her trunk packed for removal, and her sad and silent farewells said to those nooks in the garden and by the river, where Hugh had first whispered his love, it was difficult to realize that she was going away, and forever.

The evening closed in; the cloth was spread for supper, and Abel Weston, who had lingered in the counting-house, until the last moment, came in to partake of it.

And now Katie remembered her promise to her father, and reached down her bonnet and shawl.

"Thee needn't hurry back, child," said the miller, with something of remorseful kindness in the tones of his voice. "If thee art a bit late, dame shall go to bed, and I'll smoke a pipe in the garden and wait for thee."

Katie's soul was too full of heaviness to make more than a brief reply to this unexpected offer; but she stooped over Mrs. Weston ere she departed, and kiss-

ing the old lady's wrinkled cheek, whispered an assurance that she would return in time to assist her upstairs; an office that would never be hers again.

It was a relief to Katie to find the children abed, and her father out. From her mother she could procure the address of an old friend who resided at D—, a market town twenty miles from Hensley. Thither she would go, and seek a service in some secluded farmhouse, where the name of Hugh Weston could never reach her.

Unceasing struggles with poverty, and wearying endeavors to support a large family honestly and decently, chafed and fretted Harvey Morris into murmurs at his hard fortune. But they had a different effect upon his wife; perhaps for the reason that he met them in his own strength, while she, with truer wisdom, sought the sustaining aid of a Divine arm, and learned, in the only book she ever read, to be patient and hopeful.

From her sympathizing tenderness Katie won consolation; and when she rose up to depart it was with changed feelings, and a determination to emulate that dear mother's resignation and unfailing trust in Providence.

As she crossed the threshold, a sudden thought made her pause and return into the kitchen. "Mother, I'll not go back along the road. Betty Jones is standing at her open door, and I don't care for her to see my swollen eyes. I'll run down the garden and cross the fields, and so home by the wood."

"It's a long round and an unked (lonely) one," her mother dubiously remarked.

But Katie was resolute, and with another hasty "God bless you!" she sped away.

The night was closing in sombrely, but Katie was familiar with the narrow track she had chosen, and trod it unerringly, even where the trees clustered thickly together, and threw their shadows darkly across it; and her thoughts were wandering in that blissful future, which her faith in Hugh's fidelity whispered was not impossible, when the tramp of heavy feet aroused her from her reverie.

Katie was no coward, and it was from no foolish timidity that she instantly stepped aside and crouched beside a convenient thicket. The same disinclination to betray her tears to the curious eyes of Mistress Betty Jones, now actuated her desire to avoid the rude stare of others, and she saw no harm in thus avoiding a threatened encounter.

The next moment, three men, in the rough garb of the working-class, came hurrying by, huddling together, breathing loudly and quickly, and glancing fearfully to the right and to the left, as if some terrible shadow, which they vainly sought to avoid, was dogging their uncertain steps. Scarcely had they passed the hidden listener, when she started up, with the word "Father!" upon her lips, for, on the one nearest to her, she certainly recognized in the dim twilight the old, but neatly patched, jacket he commonly wore.

But without perceiving her they had gone on; and wondering a little at their haste, and the direction they were pursuing—for they were already far down a by-path leading to a bleak common beyond—she went on her own way to the stile.

A couple of hundred yards more, and the stile was reached; but here Katie stopped with an exclamation of surprise, for, fluttering on a bramble beside it, was the treasured India silk handkerchief which Mrs. Weston was in the habit of folding over her head as she dozed in her arm-chair in the evening.

Carrying it in her hand, and speculating as to how it came there, she ran across to the gate of the miller's garden, where she expected to find him awaiting her coming.

But Abel Weston was not there, and the house-door was closed and fastened. This was unusual, for the miller, accustomed to be much in the open air, seldom sought the fireside in hours so mild as this fair spring gloaming.

Katie rapped for admittance, and the summons remaining unanswered, she stepped back to reconnoitre the chamber windows. Was it later than she imagined, and had they—now so indifferent about her—retired to rest?

If so, surely the key was hung in the porch, as it had sometimes been for Hugh? And, standing on tiptoe, she groped for the nail. It was empty; and now disposed to resent their seeming unkindness, she rattled the latch loudly and repeatedly, and then put her ear to the key-hole, and listened for the coming of the miller.

The ceaseless rushing of the water over the weir, and the steady ticking of the Dutch clock hanging in the nook by the dresser, alone broke the solemn stillness of the hour; for so calm was the night, that even the leaves on the beech trees opposite seemed to be at rest. But, suddenly, a low, lengthened groan, followed by a choking sigh, echoed through the quiet house; and Katie, with a shriek of terror, fled from the door, and down the lane to Hensley.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

RISE OF THE HANDKERCHIEF.—Until the reign of the Empress Josephine a handkerchief was thought in France so shocking an object that a lady would never dare to use it before any one. The word was even carefully avoided in refined conversation. An actor who would have used a handkerchief on the stage, even in the most tearful moments of the play, would have been remorselessly hissed; and it was only in the beginning of the present century that a celebrated actress, Mdlle. Duchesnois, dared to appear with a handkerchief in hand. Having to speak of the handkerchief in the course of the piece, she could not summon courage to call it by its true name, but referred to it as a light tissue. A few years later, a translation of one of Shakspeare's plays, by Alfred de Vigny, having been acted, the word "handkerchief" was used for the first time on the stage, amid cries of indignation from the audience. It is questionable if French elegantes would carry handkerchiefs to-day if the wife of Napoleon I had not given the signal for adopting them. The Empress Josephine, although really lovely, had ugly teeth. To conceal them, she was in the habit of carrying small handkerchiefs adorned with costly lace, which she continually raised gracefully to her lips. Of course all the ladies of the Court followed her example, and handkerchiefs rapidly became an important and costly part of the feminine toilet.

THE harsh, hard world neither sees, nor tries to see, men's hearts; but wherever there is the opportunity of evil, supposes that evil exists.

LIFE.

BY CYRIL A. MELVILLE.

Our lives are full of sad mistakes,
The tide is ebbing fast;
And He who knoweth all our thoughts
Will make all right at last.

The little pleasures we have felt,
The sorrows we have known,
The smiles, the tears, the hopes and fears,
He knoweth every one.

He seeth for eternity,
We only for a day,
And what, to us, seems hard and wrong,
He knows the perfect way.

When friends forsake, and hopes are crushed
And right is made as wrong,
We veil our faces in the dust,
And cry, "Oh, Lord, how long?"

Ah, well! the play must end at last,
The curtain soon be drawn,
And then, within our narrow homes
We'll wait until the dawn.

HARD TIMES!

or,

The Real Victims of the Panic!

A Tale of the Winter of 1873–74.

By BURR THORNBURY, Esq.
Author of "Jessie Dale," "Ravenswood," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT THE GALLERY.

Marie's gallery was crowded.

We retrogress to the period immediately preceding the holidays.

Brave Eva Colville was at her post of duty, waiting on customers with the ease and grace of a fine lady who condescends to preside at a sales-table, on the occasion of some grand festival, beneficial or anniversary. Only it was not condescension on Eva's part, but downright work, with a serious object. More than one of her fashionable friends had she already seen in the gallery, and she did not shrink from their observation. She was doing her duty, and she felt proud and strong.

Mrs. Winter approached her stand.

"Dear Miss Colville," she began, with effusion, "I understood you were here. What a delightful position you have. Do you not enjoy it? I think I should. The esthetic influence must be——Oh, dear, what a charming picture that is," exclaimed the lady, abruptly digressing from the tenor of her observations.

"I shall be very happy to do it up for you, Mrs. Winter," said Eva.

"Oh, no, thank you; I really cannot afford it."

Mrs. Winter's object that day was not to purchase, but to satisfy herself how Eva Colville bore herself as a "shop girl."

"It must be very humiliating to her," said Mrs. Winter to herself; "and yet one might not think so—she seems entirely at ease in her new position. But that is a part of the Colville pride—to affect ease and dignity even if they don't really feel it."

Mrs. Winter had moved on, pretending to interest herself in an examination of the pictures, but continuing her soliloquy thus:

"I wonder what the Westons will think of the Colvilles now. It seems to me that Angelina's chances ought to be improved of late, as regards Elwood Weston."

Angelina was Mrs. Winter's eldest daughter, and the ambition of the mother, excited by a friendliness between her daughter and young Mr. Weston, was to secure him as a son-in-law.

He would have made a desirable one, it is true, for Elwood Weston was in every respect worthy of regard. Of exemplary character, fine personal appearance, good family, and the heir to an immense fortune, he found himself subjected to the trials that usually attend the society-life of a young man so prosperously situated—among which were the schemes and manœuvres of match-making mammas. He really liked Angelina Winter, but he had no thought of marrying her. Mrs. Winter thought there was a hope of such a consummation, and was accordingly delighted when she learned that there was a prospect of her daughter losing Eva Colville's rivalry.

Poor Eva! Bright as was her face, and cheerful as was her manner, in secret her heart was pained and sad.

Elwood Weston appeared to have ceased his attentions to her. She had not seen him for several days. She had never looked upon him as her lover, and yet she was pained and saddened, when just after her entrance upon her humble duties at the gallery, she had received no further calls from him.

"He did not value me for my own sake," she sighed. "Since the change in our fortunes has become so decided, I fear he feels that conventionality requires a severance of our friendly relations. His steps must always be in the lofty walks of life—he cannot come down to the obscurity that now is mine. And yet—and yet I had thought that as a friend he would still desire to know me."

Often and often in the few days of her employment at the gallery had Eva said these things over in her mind.

Poor girl! her faith in human constancy was considerably diminished. She had expected sneers and slights, indifference, neglect and forgetfulness from some who, in her prosperity, had called themselves her friends; but she had hoped—and believed—that Elwood Weston would not desert her. For his sake she was sad as well as for her own. She had looked upon him as true and noble, as one who could not give himself up to considerations of mere worldliness; but now her ideal was waning.

"Good afternoon, Eva."

She turned in the direction from which the friendly salutation proceeded, and beheld one of her young female acquaintances—a bright-faced little beauty, daughter of a well-known and wealthy gentleman.

"Good afternoon, Clara," responded Eva, in the same pleasant tone.

Another young lady was in company with Clara. She did not speak to Eva, though the two were well acquainted, but pushed haughtily by.

Clara looked exceedingly annoyed, and did not go on with her companion, but lingered to chat a little with Eva.

"How foolish Miss Williams is," said Clara. "She will not recognize you, I suppose, because you are engaged here as an assistant. It only shows her littleness of soul. Do you mind such slights, Eva?"

"Not in the least."

"I don't think I would either. In fact I rather envy you, Eva, in one particular; you have a chance now to find out who are really worth having as friends."

Eva winced. She feared she would have to exclude Elwood Weston from the list.

"I see I am not to lose you," she then said, with a smile and sweet feeling of gratitude.

"Indeed you shall not," said Clara, warmly. "How I despise such exhibitions of character as Cora Williams has just made! I tell you, Eva, if she cannot think you worthy of her notice, she shall not be so inconsistent as to think I am—for you are a great deal better and braver than I. It is shameful the way people whom you might think were not quite fools, act sometimes. I know just what it has cost you to come here, Eva, and I honor the spirit that animates you. Is it a time to desert a friend when that friend is unfortunate? No; and you won't find me doing it."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Clara," murmured Eva. "You are the first one who has spoken in just this kind, encouraging way to me. But don't mind Miss Williams' treatment of me—I do not feel it, I assure you."

"Of course, you only despise her—what makes you look so strangely, Eva?" asked the young girl, in alarm, noticing a sudden and excited change in the countenance of her friend.

Elwood Weston entered—she saw him coming towards her, with an elegantly-dressed lady accompanying him.

It was an anxious moment to Eva; another character was to be tested, she believed. Would he prove himself a snob or a true man, worthy of the respect she had heretofore entertained for him?

He came directly to her table.

"Good afternoon, Miss Colville," was his greeting, in tones that thrilled her with secret joy, for they were an assurance that he was still the Elwood Weston she had believed him to be. She returned his salutation with a glad, bright look that was involuntary.

"My cousin, Miss Canby," he said, introducing his companion. "We are sight-seeing this afternoon—I snatched an hour to assist in showing Miss Canby the beautiful; and accordingly we came here."

Clara Rodman now turned and recognized Mr. Weston, another introduction followed, and the little party was soon conversing pleasantly.

Mr. Weston managed to say, as if in an incidental way, that he had been unexpectedly and suddenly called from the city, and had been absent for a week, returning only that morning, from Chicago, with his cousin.

Eva wondered if that was not to explain why she had not seen him of late. It must be, and she felt glad that there was such a reason.

When Eva Colville went home that night, it was with a heart secretly lighter than she had carried for days before.

And yet Eva's Christmas was to be a sad one after all.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DISMAL QUARTERS.

When Celia Burke returned to consciousness it was to find herself amid such surroundings as she had never before seen. Her waking sensations were of the most painful and confusing character, and it was some time ere she could recall the occurrences that preceded the lapse of her sensibility.

Suddenly the whole distressing truth flashed upon her mind. Her visit to the pawnbroker's shop to redeem the ring—the pawnbroker's deceit—her departure from the shop—her return—her discovery of Cregar's falseness—Madam Derveux's presence—the assault—all these vividly remembered.

But where was she now? What had been the pawnbroker's object in so boldly attacking her, and making her a prisoner? Did he merely wish to possess himself of the ring? There must be more than that in his motives, Celia thought.

Both the pawnbroker and Madam Derveux had some powerful cause of enmity toward her. That vague sense of danger which is felt when a conviction that one is the object of secret malevolence, was experienced by Celia in a painful degree.

She glanced anxiously around the place of her imprisonment—for prisoner she surely was.

The room was a rickety, cheerless one, containing every evidence of dirt and poverty. A coal-oil lamp burned on a small wooden table near her bedside—too near, she thought, for safety.

She arose and moved it further from her.

Then she returned to her bed. Horror! what a bed it was! damp, mouldy, dirty, smelling, Celia thought, of every villainy.

She felt like crying out in her disgust and terror. How had she been conveyed to that wretched place? She did not know; she only knew that wicked, plotting men could do many dark and difficult things. She might yet be in the pawnbroker's dwelling, she thought; but she believed she was not. A more wretched neighborhood must have received her. She had been conveyed, while in a drugged and insensible state, from the shop to this dank and dismal prison. She might not be far away from the former; she knew that the distance from respectable streets to miserable localities was often not great. Through alleys and byways she might have been carried, unobserved, to this repulsive den.

Was it day or was it night?—this was her next thought.

Night,—she judged, from the fact that no rumbling of cars, and carts or other vehicles was to be heard in the streets. She could not tell by observation of the outer world whether it was day or darkness, for the one window of her prison was closely shuttered, barred and curtained, and she could not look out.

"How daring in that pawnbroker to assault me as he did, and then imprison me this way!" she said in her indignation and distress. "He is a member of some villainous band, I do not doubt, and for some reason desires to hold possession of my person. Madam Derveux was there, too, when he overpowered me! Is she in league with him? I fear so; her persecution of me has some object I do not guess."

The poor girl, in her wretchedness, burst into tears. Her sense of the outrage done her, and of her forlorn condition, was too painful not to find some relief. The close atmosphere of the place oppressed her; to breathe seemed to be to inhale poisonous effluvia; yet her lungs must take this corrupted air, or none.

Suddenly she started in terror from her dejection. Loud and discordant noises smote upon her ear. Shouts, drunken cries, curses—all the dire elements of vulgar and wicked revelry were mingled in alarming violence.

A door, or perhaps two, had been thrown open, thus permitting the hideous clamor to reach her ears.

It was terrible.

What a scene, she thought, must be pictured whence this sad discordance arose, with which song and laughter now mingled. Drunken and vicious men and women were engaged in some dreadful amusement—fighting, perhaps, for that was a favorite recreation with the wretched beings, near whom she knew she was.

Was she safe in her prison?

Might they not break in upon her?

She shuddered in an agony of fear and disgust at the idea of contact with such creatures.

At this moment a sound of shifting bolts was heard, the door of the room was opened, and an old woman of repulsive aspect stood on the threshold.

"Ye're awake, are ye?" she said. "I thought it was about time fer ye to be comin' to; was it the noise that roused ye? They're hav'in' a sort o' jubilee below."

"They won't—they won't come up here, will they?" trembled Celia, more frightened than ever by the din.

"No, I reckon not; I wouldn't let 'em in if they was to. Don't be skeery, miss; that dancin' and jubileein' won't last long. The p'leece 'll soon put a stop to it."

"Why am I here, good woman?" asked Celia, now, her anxiety somewhat lessened by this assurance.

"Good woman," repeated the creature, contemptuously, "ye needn't try to palaver me. I ain't none o' your good women."

"But you will answer my question, will you not?"

The woman grinned, as she said:

"For safe keepin', I reckon."

"It is a dreadful place," spoke Celia, with a fresh shiver of disgust. "I shall die if I am confined here a great while."

"Well, we all has to die some time, I hearn said," rejoined the hag, composedly. "But ye needn't be concerned about it so particklerly. We don't die—we who lives here allers. What makes ye think ye will die?"

"It is so foul and unclean; I feel choking and smothering already."

"What, ain't there breath enough for ye?—a hull roomful for one person!"

"The place is so small and——"

"Small!" interrupted Celia's jailoress, in genuine surprise; "this here a small room! Bless me, miss! I guess you've been used to fine things, ain't ye? Ye oughtn't to complain o' being crowded. We do live pretty thick hereabouts, to be sure, but ye'll have all this nice place to yerself. Why, in the next room there's eight livin', and it ain't no bigger nor this; eight folks, miss, some white and some black. We've got to crowd in close in these times to save rent."

Celia was already wearied with the woman's volubility. She wanted to get a chance to plead for release, but the words of her jailoress flowed too thick for that. What the result of such an appeal would have been, even had she found opportunity to make it, is easy to conjecture; and how much longer the old creature would have run on with her gratuitous description of her surroundings, had not a sharp interruption occurred, we cannot say.

That interruption was equally startling to both speaker and listener.

A pistol shot, a cry of mortal pain, and loud vengeful shouts formed it.

The old woman uttered an exclamation of alarm, and hastened to the stairway to look down. In her eagerness to ascertain the cause of this more serious excitement, she momentarily forgot her prisoner.

Celia's heart gave a throb of hope, as she saw this sudden chance of escape offered. She knew not what obstacles might meet her further on; but the way was clear for a few feet at least—the door of her prison was open and unguarded.

Obeying the impulse of the moment, Celia sprang quickly and silently through the door, and, unobserved by the woman, glided to the concealment of the shadows—for the place was only partially illuminated by the light that streamed from the apartment she had just left.

She could see the old woman peering anxiously down the stairway, listening to the tumult that still reigned below. Suddenly the noise ceased, and then the hag returned to the room she had left, to look after her prisoner.

"She will soon find that I am not there," thought the distressed girl; "and will raise an alarm, perhaps. What shall I do? Venture down that fearful passage? It may be the only way out. I must attempt it. God help me, and save me from the wicked creatures who may still be there. I will go."

She hesitated no longer, but sprang to the stairway, reaching the top just as her late jailoress came raging out of the room.

With a cry born of her excited state—her hope and fear—and which she could hardly prevent from rising into a shriek, so intense was the pressure of her alarm, Celia bounded down the uncertain passage.

It was a wonder that she did not fall, for she of course knew nothing of the steps—where they led or ended. It was like a leap down a precipice, made with blind eyes, but a good fortune guided her flying feet.

She reached the lower landing—opening upon the street, or at least an alley. But here she was terrified again almost into inability to move.

The *melee* that had so suddenly lulled, as suddenly began again.

She saw wild, villainous-looking figures moving in the close area of the court she had entered—for it seemed she had turned the wrong way to reach the street.

She heard savage cries and maledictions. "Kill him! kill him!" wicked voices called.

A human figure lay on the bare pavement, and brutal men appeared to be about to finish some deed of murder.

An impulse of pity moved Celia to rush forward and interfere in behalf of the helpless victim. A lantern, fixed to the wall, illuminated the scene. By the light of this, as she approached the fallen man, she caught a fair view of his features.

To her surprise and horror she instantly recognized them as those of Nelson Chaswick!

CHAPTER XXIV.

SAFETY AND EXPLANATION.

The emotions of Celia Burke, as she beheld Nelson Chaswick thus threatened with a fearful death at the hands of the lowest of the human species, were dismaying and agonizing beyond measure.

To endeavor to frustrate the murderous object of the rabble would be to draw their attention to herself, and expose her not only to capture, but, doubtless, to insult and violence. Yet she did not hesitate one instant to throw herself forward across the fallen form of Mr. Chaswick, preventing, by the movement, the descent of a heavy club upon his head.

"Oh, spare him! spare him!" she cried, in accents of entreaty, through which trembled at the same time the evidence of her own terror.

The ruffian who held the uplifted weapon dropped it harmlessly.

The spectacle of that beautiful, interceding figure, was a thrilling surprise to the infuriated crowd. If an angel had so suddenly appeared to snatch from them their victim, they could not have been more astounded.

But only for a few moments were they held in abeyance.

"It's only a gal," cried one, as if he had indeed thought she was a special agent of Providence sent to save the young man from death. "Finish that case if yer agoin' to! The p'leece'll be on us soon."

Again the demonstrations became actively hostile.

"You shall not murder him!" cried Celia. "Cowards! there are twenty of you against one."

The taunt seemed to have some effect upon them, hardened and brutal as they were.

"Who are you, gal?" demanded one. "What's yer bizness here?"

"She is a natty piece!" exclaimed another. "Fetch her from that, though, and let's end this job."

"You have slain him already," spoke the brave girl, in a tone of horror, noticing that Mr. Chaswick lay as if dead, and that a blood spot was spreading on his white cheek.

"No, no; he's only possumin'. Finish him, I say. What biz had he to come stickin' in here?"

A wild, transporting thought flashed through Celia's mind.

Had Mr. Chaswick sought that vile and perilous quarter with the object of rescuing her? Might he not have learned of her disappearance, obtained some clue to her abduction, and ventured there to release her?

"We're losin' time!" cried a new voice, impatiently. "Stand aside there, gal; we want that feller's life, and we'll have it."

"He is dead already, I fear," she repeated; "but you shall not touch even his lifeless body while I live," she returned.

"She's a trump—a prize herself, boys," called a third of the villainous crew. "Let's go for 'em both."

Celia almost fainted with terror as she heard this proposition. The dreadful faces of the crowd smiled approval of it, and triumphant jeers and menaces filled the air.

In another moment she would have been seized, had not a diversion occurred in her favor.

Several shots were fired into the crowd of wretches, and more than one voice shouted in alarm:

"The p'leece! the p'leece! they're on us!"

It was so.

A party of officers had entered the court, and bravely assailed the miscreants who were about to renew their assault upon the helpless man who had fallen into their power.

A general stampede took place among them. Several alleys opened upon the court, it seemed, and up these the frightened wretches fled; men, women and children—for the assemblage had been composed of all these.

"Now, young man, out of this," spoke one of the officers, hurriedly, approaching Mr. Chaswick. "Lord! who are you, and how came you here?" he demanded, for the first time really noticing Celia. "You're not one of them?" he added, interrogatively.

"No, no," she answered, "save me from them!"

"That I will. Can you walk?" he inquired of Mr. Chaswick, who had just risen to his feet, his face all stained with blood.

He had received a blow that had stunned him into temporary insensibility, but was now reviving.

"Yes," he answered, a little dubiously. Then he caught sight of and recognized Celia Burke. "Was it you who interceded for me?" he asked, with a start of surprise and joy.

"Yes," murmured she. "Oh, I am so glad you were not killed."

"We were looking for you," he said. "Now that you are found, we must not delay in going from this wretched place."

"Well, come along, then," growled the officer who had spoken to him at first. "They'll gather again when their fright is over. If they hadn't thought I was dead, they wouldn't have been so long in dealing with you."

Already our friends were withdrawing from this dangerous vicinity. Mr. Chaswick, though he could hardly support himself, endeavored to assist Celia, who was now very weak in the reaction that followed her heroic defiance of the mob.

But she did not swoon, and when the open street was reached, the pure air greatly served to strengthen and calm her.

The question now was how to proceed, for the distance to Mrs. Chaswick's was considerable.

"What is the hour?" asked Celia.

"It is not yet late," replied Mr. Chaswick. "Do you think, Miss Burke, that you are able to walk to the next street? There we shall find a carriage."

"Oh, yes," she returned, quickly; "but I cannot ask you to give your further attention to myself. Permit one of these officers to see me to Mrs. Chaswick's while you seek your own home. I fear you are badly injured, sir."

"I am indebted to you for my life, Miss Burke," he said, with earnest gratitude; "and until I see you safely to the house of Mrs. Chaswick, I will not leave you. My injuries, I am sure, are not very serious, and I could not think of deserting you even if they were, unless I were disabled entirely."

"You are too kind," she faltered.

"The obligation rests with me," he returned. "Wait here one moment, Miss Burke, and I will have a carriage called. This is a very uncomfortable position for both of us, but we must make the best of it."

He directed one of the policemen to have the necessary conveyance brought to them, and after a delay of a few minutes they were seated in it, and rolling rapidly away from the scene of their exciting adventures.

"Now, Miss Burke," said Mr. Chaswick, as they went along, "will you inform me why this strange act of abduction was done? Why you were made a prisoner by that villainous pawnbroker?"

"You know it was he who committed the outrage?" she asked, rather wonderingly.

"Yes, he has been arrested for the deed. This is how I learned of the fact of the violence done you, and of the place of your imprisonment. When I arrived at Mrs. Chaswick's this evening I found her very much concerned on your account; you had gone out, expecting to return soon, but had not been seen. You had stated that you were going to —— street, to the pawnbroker's shop there, to redeem a ring you had been forced to pawn."

"Yes, yes," said Celia, tremblingly.

"I knew the character of the proprietor, and the reputation of the place. I feared that you had been unfairly and, perhaps, foully dealt with—that man would commit murder for a trifle, if he thought he would not be detected. I was greatly alarmed for your safety, when I learned where in your ignorance you had gone, and I thought it best to seek for you at once. I procured the services of an officer of the police force, and went to the pawnbroker's place of business. There I soon learned of several suspicious circumstances. You had been seen to enter, leave, and re-enter the shop, but not to come out again."

Celia shuddered, both with horror at the recollection of what she had there suffered, and with shame at having unwittingly chosen such a place at which to pawn her ring.

Mr. Chaswick seemed to understand her emotion.

"It was a sad necessity, I do not doubt," he said, "that compelled you to have any dealings with such a character as this pawnbroker, but do not distress yourself about that. Let me resume my narrative. I boldly charged the villain with the crime of having been concerned in your disappearance—his agitation when I first entered his shop, showing that he was guilty of some wrong in relation to you. He was arrested, but would not acknowledge that he knew anything of your whereabouts. An examination of his premises revealed, however, such evidence of your recent presence, that we were sure that you had been detained there as a prisoner. A breast pin I had seen you wear was found upon the floor, and also a glove that I took to be yours. Finding that nothing was to be learned of the pawnbroker, we terrified a small boy, named Quipe, into a confession that you had been taken to Hagner street. We extorted from him further particulars of the outrage—learned by what stratagem you had been conveyed to that disreputable locality, and the house in which you would probably be found. Then the officer and myself hastened thither, thinking to quietly visit the house and rescue you without exciting any alarm. But there was, unfortunately, a gathering of revellers very near the room in which, from the officer's previous knowledge of the house, we judged you were confined. They assaulted us before we could retire, but my companion, it seems, managed to escape, though his assailants thought they had killed him, and called others to my side. But had not you, Miss Burke, appeared so opportunely on the scene, and so heroically interceded in my behalf, I would surely have been slain."

"I fear it would have been so," she said, shudderingly; "and all for my poor sake! Oh, how can I thank you!"

A street lamp cast its brief glow upon her pale features.

The dark, piercing eyes of the young man were fixed upon her face with an earnestness that quite confused her. Something in the simple, unfeigned ardor of her gratitude struck him as being wholesomely different from the effusion he had, on lesser occasions, known in others. In her modest, shrinking aspect he read, too, the evidence of a spirit that, while it was brave, was also gentle and refined. Unconsciously he compared her with Helen Deane—the Helen Deane to whose faults love had made him blind, but the barrenness and superficiality of whose nature he had come to know.

That quick, unconscious comparison was wholly favorable to Celia Burke.

"How can you thank me?" he said, with a smile on his still blood-stained features, though, of course, Celia did not, in the obscurity of the interior of the vehicle, see it. "I ask no thanks; but, if I were to, it would be to have you remember my attempted service to you to-night—near as it came to being a fatal failure—as one I volunteered because I believe you to be one most worthy to be served."

Celia was fairly startled to hear such words as these. They seemed too flattering to be addressed to her.

Mr. Chaswick continued:

"In the brief time you have been with my dear friend, Mrs. Chaswick, she has been greatly interested in you, she tells me, and a separation from you would cause her keen regret."

"Mrs. Chaswick is very kind," murmured Celia, thankfully, feeling a strange thrill of joy pervade her being as she reflected upon the extraordinary interest these two had taken in her welfare.

"And now, as to the object of your abduction, Miss Burke?" inquired Mr. Chaswick. "Do you guess why it was desired by that villainous pawnbroker to hold you a prisoner?"

"I do not," she replied. "I seem to be obnoxious to more than one individual in this city."

"Was any other you can name concerned in this recent outrage?"

"Yes; my former employer, Madame Derveux. She was present when the pawnbroker assaulted me."

"Indeed! I shall direct that she be arrested."

"She was a passive, if not an active partner in the deed. I feel that she has connived at, if not shared the wrong that has been done me."

"And she shall suffer for it. There is a plot against you, Miss Burke. A strong reason must exist for this malevolent action. Do you imagine that you stand in any one's way as a rival, as the possessor of any secret or secrets dangerous to bad men, or as a rightful claimant to property?"

"I do not, sir. Madame Derveux was, I think, foolishly jealous of me on

her daughter's account, but she would never have acted with such hostility toward me for that reason."

"I promise you this subject shall be fully investigated," said Mr. Chaswick. "But here we are now, at our stopping-place. Mrs. Chaswick is doubtlessly anxiously awaiting news of you. Your arrival in person will be most satisfying to her. I will leave you to tell the story of your adventures—and my own, if you choose—and not tarry to-night, myself. My appearance is not presentable, I am well aware."

Celia murmured some fresh words of gratitude.

How earnest, how natural and kind was the interest Mr. Chaswick displayed in her!

She had felt that he was far above her, not only in station but in attributes, that a superiority of nature was his, to which no humble mortal like herself could ever hope to attain. Yet here he was, treating her with as much kindness, consideration and courtesy, as if she were a high-bred heroine, a lady of place and pride, instead of a mere sewing-girl.

Celia had read of princes falling in love with and marrying peasant-girls, but when it came to receiving simple democratic kindness herself from one whom she reverenced as her ideal of men, she was surprised at the matter. Such are the inconsistencies of fancy and experience.

As for Nelson Chaswick, he already began to have more than a simple friendly feeling for Celia. Her intelligence, refinement, modesty and naturalness were qualities that impressed him strongly. Here was a lady, where the world would recognize nothing but an inferior. He had seen beautiful and attractive shams; now he was interested in real worth that made no pretensions whatever.

The carriage stopped, and the two occupants of it alighted.

Mr. Chaswick saw Celia to the door, where a servant, with an ejaculation of surprise and joy as she recognized the latter, gave her admission.

The young man's kind "Good-night" rang in her ears as she proceeded, under direction of the servant, to the sitting-room where Mrs. Chaswick was.

That lady received her with a gladness so sincere and unmistakable, that Celia's heart was moved to renewed thankfulness.

She narrated her adventures as briefly and succinctly as possible, receiving from Mrs. Chaswick the kindest interest and sympathy.

"Have you the ring yet, Celia?" she asked, at the conclusion of the recital.

"Yes; they must have forgotten to take it from me."

"Keep it, Celia, very safely. I have no doubt that it will serve to prove some right that you have not yet discovered, but which others, who are seeking to defraud you of it, have."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ADVERTISEMENT.

Next morning Celia's adventures were further talked over by herself and Mrs. Chaswick.

The latter held a morning journal in her hand, which she had been scanning to see if it contained any account of the arrest of the pawnbroker.

"Here, Celia," she called soon; and then read aloud from the local news:

"*A man, named James Cregar, who kept a pawnbroker's shop at the corner of Twelfth and —— streets, was arrested yesterday on a charge of assault and abduction. But, while on his way to the station, he broke from the officer having him in charge, and succeeded in making his escape, though the officer fired at him, and, it is believed, wounded him.*"

"So the villain is still at large," said Mrs. Chaswick. "That is bad, but it relieves you from the unpleasant duty of appearing against him at the hearing he would have had, and at court."

"Oh!" said Celia, with a gasp, "I could never do that; I would rather he were never punished."

"But he might have confessed why it was that he wished to make you his prisoner. You forget that, Celia."

"Yes," admitted she. "But Madame Derveux may be arrested, as Mr. Chaswick said he would direct her to be, and she may divulge the reason."

"So she may; but you would have to appear against her also. Do you forget that?"

Celia looked troubled. The idea of appearing in public as a prosecutor was extremely painful to one of her sensitive and shrinking nature.

"Perhaps this guilty woman has also escaped," continued Mrs. Chaswick.

"It may be that she received warning in time. If so, let her have her undeserved freedom."

"You are too lenient toward her," expostulated Mrs. Chaswick. "Remember she may bear with her a secret of the utmost importance to you."

"I cannot conceive what it can be," said Celia. "My interests in life are small at the best, and I do not see how I can be in the way of others."

"You may rest assured that there is a strong reason for the bold attempt that has been made upon your liberty, not to say your life. I shall not rest satisfied until the fullest investigation has been made into this mysterious matter, whenever the slightest clue is found to lead us on."

"You are very good to express such an interest in my welfare," said Celia, gratefully.

"Perhaps I am only selfish after all in a degree—occupying my mind with concerns that relate to you, so that I may think less of my own troubles."

Celia glanced at the pale, sad features of the speaker.

The lines of care seemed to have deepened within a late period.

"Poor lady!" sighed Celia, to herself, "she has her sorrows even as I have mine. More bitter and blighting, it may be, than any I have known."

They breakfasted, and shortly thereafter a message arrived from Mr. Chaswick. It stated that an endeavor had been made to secure the arrest of Madame Derveux, but that she had anticipated it, and fled from the city or concealed herself therein, to avoid being made a prisoner.

"The failure to take that guilty woman into custody," remarked Mrs. Chaswick, with great regret expressed in her tone, "destroys, for the present, at least, our hope of learning what we seek from her."

"I—I am glad she has gone," said Celia, thinking still of the unpleasantness of appearing against her at her trial, had she been arrested.

"It is not right for you to say that, Celia," spoke Mrs. Chaswick. "The guilt of this woman is undeniable—she should suffer for her crime."

Mrs. Chaswick's tone was not the steadiest now. Perhaps she was thinking that the *innocent* sometimes suffered, too; but she was indignant toward Madame Derveux, and could not share Celia's leniency of spirit toward her. After more discussion of the matter, it was for the time dropped.

Several days passed. Nothing further was learned of Madame Derveux, nor of the villainous pawnbroker. Both seemed to have made themselves safe from arrest.

Celia was satisfied to hear nothing more of them. In the home and companionship of Mrs. Chaswick she felt a blessed sense of security and rest, and tried to forget the unpleasant part of the past.

It would have been better for her, perhaps, if she had attached more meaning to the attempt that had been made against her peace.

One morning, Mrs. Chaswick came to her, considerably excited, holding in her hand the daily journal she had just been reading.

"See, Celia," said Mrs. Chaswick, "here is news for you."

She pointed to the "Personal" column of the paper, directing Celia to read a paragraph which her eye had caught.

It was a brief advertisement and ran as follows:

"*If the heirs of the late Pascal Burke will call at No. 1012 —— street, they will hear of something to their advantage. E. Marshall.*"

"We will go at once in answer to it," said Mrs. Chaswick. "I do not doubt that you *will* hear of something very much to your advantage, Celia. I will order the carriage, and will accompany you to the designated place."

"You are too kind," said Celia. "But I cannot refuse your offer to go with me. I would not like to go alone, respectable as I know the neighborhood to be. This may be another trick to get possession of my person."

"I would not have thought of that," said Mrs. Chaswick, with a start. "There might be such danger, but I am inclined to believe that this is an honest inquiry. We will soon determine that."

"I am getting to be an important person," said Celia, with a look of mystification. "I cannot imagine, though, what is the secret of this advertisement. Papa died very poor, and certainly there can be no fortune awaiting me through him."

"You know not what the truth may be. Come, Celia, let us prepare to go, and we will soon end these conjectures."

They left the room, and ere long the carriage was at the door.

Directions were given to the coachman to drive to the street and number named in the advertisement.

Arriving there, they found the house to be a fine, large mansion, the outside at least having an air of the utmost respectability.

But something seemed to be wrong for all that. A number of apparently excited persons were entering or leaving the house, and a policeman or two stood outside.

"What does it mean?" queried Mrs. Chaswick, with a strange feeling of bewilderment, as if not quite certain she was at the right place.

She inquired of one of the policemen if a Mr. E. Marshall lived within.

"I'm not so certain about that, ma'am," was the reply, "he may be dead by this time!"

Mrs. Chaswick looked as if she did not comprehend.

"Hadn't you heard of the affair of last night?" inquired the policeman.

She had not.

"Why, some villain tried to murder Mr. Marshall. Are you a relative of his, ma'am, and would you like to go in?"

"I am not," she answered; "we called with a business object."

"Mr. Marshall won't be able to attend to business very soon, I calculate, if he is as badly hurt as he is said to be. Maybe you had better go in, ma'am, and see some of the family if you had anything particular with him."

"No, thank you," she said; and then turning to Celia, she added:

"We had better return with our object unaccomplished, had we not? For the present, I mean."

"Yes," said Celia, decisively.

"But I will make some inquiries of the policeman in relation to what has befallen Mr. Marshall."

Which she accordingly did.

"You see, ma'am," said the policeman, who was a roughly courteous person, "it wasn't money that the villain who came near killing Mr. Marshall was after—since none of that was taken—but some papers of some kind. Mr. Marshall wouldn't give 'em up, and so the fellow tried first to murder him and then to take 'em. But he didn't succeed entirely in either."

"Was Mr. Marshall much injured?" inquired the lady.

"Very badly, ma'am, as I hinted at first; he's out of his mind from the effect of blows on his head, and it is feared he won't get well."

"How horrible! Did his assailant escape?"

"Yes, I'm sorry to say he did. But it's likely we'll catch him yet."

After a few more queries and courteous answers to them from the policeman, Mrs. Chaswick gave the order to the coachman to return home.

"I wonder," she said, thoughtfully, to Celia, as they rolled along, "I wonder if this outrage was committed on Mr. Marshall in consequence of his having some connection with matters that concern you? The same bold villains who attempted to deprive you of your freedom, Celia, may have learned that this gentleman held some knowledge dangerous to them, and accordingly resolved to remove from him the power to oppose them in their wicked plans. I am very much concerned on your account, if such is the case, for it may be that they will attempt further violence against you."

Celia trembled.

"I do not wish to alarm you, Celia," said Mrs. Chaswick, "but I thought it best to speak plainly a fear that rose in my mind."

"Oh, I cannot feel that there is a possibility of any further danger. I will try to forget it."

"We must endeavor to do better than that—to defeat your enemies, Celia. I shall be very anxious to learn the particulars of this outrage upon Mr. Marshall, for I feel that it has a bearing upon your own case."

But it was some time before these particulars could be obtained. The secret lay with Mr. Marshall, and he lay near to death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REVIEWER — NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Boys and Girls in Biology; or Simple Stories of the Lower Forms of Life. By Sarah Hackett Stevenson. Illustrated by Miss A. I. Macomish. Publishers, D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The author of this little work has succeeded, we think, in her purpose of giving a very interesting and simple introduction to the Science of Biology, in the form of scientific talks with boys and girls. She thought that there was far more practicality in teaching them *domestic* rather than *foreign* science, and could not see why they should not be just as deeply interested in the study of animal and vegetable life—the life which they every day trample beneath their feet, and which is such a mysterious foreshadowing of their own life—as in geography and other branches of an ordinary education.

The Chemistry of Light and Photography. By Dr. Hermann Vogel, of Berlin. The fourteenth volume of the "International Scientific Series," published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The design of this work is to give a review of the Art of Photography, and its development from the first discoveries by Daguerre and his contemporaries, through its various stages to the present time, where it has spread over almost every branch of human effort and knowledge, and where there is scarcely a single field in science, art, or industry, where its influence and bearing is not felt. Entertaining in manner, as it is instructive in matter, this volume, from the pen of one of the best authorities on photography in Europe, should be perused by every one.

The Adventures of Chevalier De La Salle and His Companions, in their Exploration of the Prairies, etc., of the New World, Two Hundred Years Ago. By John C. Abbott. Publishers, Dodd & Mead, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

There is no one of the pioneers of this continent whose adventures and achievements are more romantic and wonderful than those of the Chevalier De La Salle, and the reader will find in this volume a more vivid description of the condition and character of the inhabitants of America two hundred years ago, than can be found almost anywhere else.

The Romance of The English Stage. By Percy Fitzgerald, M. A. F. S. A.; author of the "Life of Garrick," "The Kembles." Publishers, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Nothing hitherto published in this line has ever placed before the public what may be regarded as the most interesting and characteristic feature of theatrical memoirs. Their chief attraction is found to be the air of personal confession and simplicity of the revelations furnished—the *naivete*, humor, and almost garrulous confidence, and above all, the quaint term of expression in which everything is told. This has been accomplished with much success in this volume, and out of the long list of English theatrical celebrities, a very happy selection has been made of such as illustrate some special type of life or character, giving the reader a very complete view of the romance and humors of a fashion of life that has now almost passed away.

We and Our Neighbors; or The Records of An Unfashionable Street. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Publishers, J. B. Ford & Co., New York.

This is a sequel to Mrs. Stowe's last novel, entitled "My Wife And I," and, of course, is much in the same vein, and the characters almost similar. In point of merit and literary ability, this volume does not, in our opinion, compare at all favorably with the one romance which alone made her reputation, viz.: "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" but in it the author shows she still possesses the rare power of writing a thoroughly domestic story, and of dealing with persons and scenes of every day life.

A New Monetary System. By Edward Kellogg. Fifth edition, with a biographical sketch of the author. Henry Carey Baird, Industrial Publisher, Philadelphia.

This volume is revised from Mr. Kellogg's work on "Labor and Other Capital," with numerous additions from his manuscripts, and edited by his daughter, Mary Kellogg Putnam. Its design is to propose a new monetary system as "the only means of securing the respective rights of labor and property, and of protecting the public from financial revulsions." The system is to secure the distribution of property according to the earnings of labor, and at the same time strictly preserve the rights of property; it contemplates no agrarian or other similar distribution of property, nor any interference in contracts between laborers and capitalists, or in the usual course of business. If it should be found to fulfil all these requirements, and whether it is at present practicable or not, it deserves, and will doubtless command, the attention of all thinking men.

The American Evangelists, D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey, in Great Britain and Ireland. By John Hall, D. D., New York, and George H. Stuart, Philadelphia. Publishers, Dodd & Mead, New York.

A very interesting history of the remarkable religious movement in Great Britain, mainly owing to the labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the American Evangelists, which we have all heard and read about, and which is still in progress. We have a full account of how these men came to the front in America, how they went to Great Britain, what has been their progress there, and what have been, so far, the results; and a clear, colorless and continuous record of their operations based upon communications by eye-witnesses. Several of Moody's addresses, occupying over sixty pages, give it a peculiar interest, and appearing, as it does, at so opportune a moment when the public interest in the wonderful work in progress is so vivid, this book cannot fail to be widely read.

Ganem; The Slave of Love: being the Fifth Number of "Challen's Dime Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Publisher, Howard Challen, Philadelphia. For sale by Central News Co., Philadelphia.

These stories never get old, and are as amusing now to adults, as well as to juveniles, as they were generations back. They are amusing, and at the same time healthy and instructive reading, and published as they are in neat pamphlet form, at 10 cents each, are put within the reach of everyone.

Blackwood's Magazine, for April, 1875. New York reprint. W. B. Zieber, 222 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

This number contains the conclusion of "Alice Lorraine," and a long and excellent review of Mr. Kinglake's Inkerman Volume.

The Mysteries of the Court of the Stuarts. By William H. Ainsworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Gipsy's Prophecy; or, The Bride of an Evening. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Dolores. By Mrs. Forrester, author of "Fair Women," "My Hero," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A MAN'S PRIDE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Earle Trevors stood upon the veranda in the freshness of the Summer morning, and watched the girl gathering flowers in the garden. She did not know that he was watching her, for an old lilac bush screened him; therefore she was her own natural self, and had not that air of restraint and shyness which she usually manifested when he was with her. Her cheeks were bright as any of the roses she was gathering, and Earle could not help thinking that her face was like a flower in its brightness and color; a shy, wild flower, that was all the sweeter because it had not been subjected to the hot-house treatment of city life and fashionable ways.

"If she were educated and could have the advantages of refined society she would make any man a wife to be proud of," young Trevors thought, as he watched her.

He had taken a fancy to Susie Dinsmore's face the first time he had seen it. It was so different from the faces he was used to that it half fascinated him. He had known her three weeks now, and the charm her face held for him at first had not worn off. Sometimes he almost fancied he was getting in love with the girl. Her frank, shy ways were novel enough to any one who was used to the hollow artificialities of fashionable life, and they charmed him. When she said a thing, she meant it. How many ladies of his acquaintance in fashionable circles of city life could he say that of? He rather felt inclined to believe that what they said they did not mean. Sometimes he thought that society was all a sham, and he wished he was rid of it. But, after all, society's opinion was too strong to be ignored, or he was too weak to brave it. He hardly knew which.

A bird flew up from the June rose-bush by the gate, and sang his sweetest as he soared away up in the blue. Susie stopped to listen, and when the bird's song was completed, and the bird itself was a mere speck overhead, she began to sing. Her song was something like the bird's, full of runs and trills and plaintive little notes that set all the air to ringing with their melody. She made a beautiful picture as she stood there, with her hands full of flowers, her hat fallen off, and her brown hair blowing all about her face. The gray stone wall with the June roses clambering over it, and the wide, green meadow beyond made a fitting background for it all. Earle Trevors keeps that picture in his heart to this day. It is one of the things he will never forget.

"You have outdone the bird," he said, when she had finished her song. "He will hardly dare to sing again if he is wise."

She gave a startled look, and a deeper color dyed her cheeks.

"I didn't know you were listening," she said.

"I am glad to say I was," he answered. "I never knew you sang. Now that I have found out that you do, I shall ask you to sing for me often. Your voice would be your fortune if you choose to make it so."

"I don't know anything about singing," she said, pleased at his admiration.

"I don't suppose a bird does, if you reduce his knowledge to rules and theories, and yet, most of us would be glad to sing as well as the bird does," he answered, coming down the path to where she stood. "Let me help you gather your roses, won't you?"

Gathering roses with a girl whose face has already fascinated you is a rather dangerous experiment if you would keep heart-whole. It would have been better, far better for Earle Trevors if he had gone his way that morning and left Susie Dinsmore to her old life; he might have forgotten her face in time, and her voice would have ceased to haunt him. But we never know when we ought to do that which we see clearly must be done some time. He knew, or he *might* have known, if he had stopped to think about it, that it was not safe for him to linger here with this girl, who interested him as no other one ever had. That which we call interest, in a case like this, is apt to become something more than mere interest. If he only could have foreseen then what the result of his summer's idling would be how much pain he could have saved himself.

But he did not foresee it, and so the summer drifted by, with its roses and its robins, and brought, at last, the time when he must leave the girl whose face had grown so dear to him.

Then he had a battle to fight; a battle between love and his pride. He knew when the time came to go away, that he loved this girl with the face of a flower, and he asked himself if he could give her up; or rather love asked that question of him. And then his pitiful pride took arms and asked him if he could brave the opinion of society by marrying this girl whose face and voice were her only passports to the circle in which he moved. What was her worth of heart and soul when weighed against her lack of culture and family pride? Absolutely nothing in the estimation of those who moved in the set he belonged to. He felt how weak he was in even allowing a thought of what would be said if he were to marry her to assert itself, and at the same time he knew how much a slave he was to the opinion of society, and he confessed to himself, in shame, that his pride was stronger than his love. He could give her up easier than to brave what "people would say." If she were only educated and refined in the society meaning of the term, then! But she was not, and he must give her up, or face the gossip of those whose friendship he cared nothing for, and that he was not man enough to do. What slaves of opinion most of us are. We ought to be ashamed of it, and more! but that does not mend the matter in the least.

She was in the garden when he bade her good-bye. He had told her nothing about his going away. He dreaded to speak of it. He felt that he had not acted quite honorable with her; knowing that she could be no more to him than she was now, he should have gone away before she got to caring for him. To have done that would have saved her all that his going away would cost her now.

"This has been a pleasant summer," he said, as they stood there among the late lilies and carnations. "A very pleasant summer," and a sigh broke across his lips as he looked away to the distant hills, bathed in the mellow sunshine of the September day.

"It has been the happiest summer I ever knew," she said, softly, and he knew well enough what had made it so. Her love dream had come to her in it.

Then there was a silence which neither cared to break. She was too full of happy, restful quiet, and he was too full of sorrow to speak just then.

By and by she broke off a spray of carnations from their stalk, and gave them to him, with a smile. It was a simple little act, but it touched the man's heart in its tenderest spot. For a moment love was up in arms again, stronger than ever; but the old, cruel pride stood ready to crush it down.

He dared not trust himself longer.

"Good-bye," he said, suddenly, holding out his hand. "I shall keep these flowers in memory of the giver, and the summer that has gone—the summer that has been such a happy one! I wish we could both forget it!" he cried, passionately. He was cursing himself for his pitiful weakness.

"You are not going away?" she said, wonderingly, her face more like the lilies than carnations now.

"Yes, I am going now. Good-bye," and then he turned and went away. He looked back once, and saw her standing there, white, stirless, like a figure cut from marble, and his heart was full of pity for the girl who had learned what it is to love and lose so soon.

* * * * *

Two years went by, and they were two years of constant battle to Earle Trevors. He had thought that he could forget the woman he loved, in a measure, when he was away from her, but he found out his mistake. He could not keep her face out of sight. At the strangest times and places he heard her voice, and the sound of it would set his heart to throbbing, and at such times it seemed to him that he must go to her and tell her that she was more than the world to him. So for two years he fought against his heart, and then he gave up. Love conquered pride at last.

When he made up his mind to face the opinions of society, he wondered how he ever could have been weak enough to put his love beneath his pride. What was the opinion of all the world compared to the love he bore for the girl with the flower face?

He would go to her at once, and claim her as his own. And so he started on his journey.

It was afternoon when he reached the village. A mile away was the one woman in the world to him. He was full of feverish impatience to see her, to hear her voice, to tell her that he loved her.

His path led by the old church. There was a new-made grave in a corner of the churchyard. The sexton was covering it with sods. He could not tell why it was, but something made him stop and lean across the mossy fence and watch the man at his work.

Suddenly the sexton looked up from his task and saw him.

"Whose grave is that?" Trevors asked, wondering, as he did so, what possible interest that grave could have for him.

The man recognized him.

"It's Miss Susie's grave," he answered. "You remember her, don't you?"

Remember her? As if he ever could forget her! For a moment it seemed as if the wheels of the world clogged and stood still. He had come back to find the woman he loved, and here in the grass of the churchyard he found—her grave!

RECEIPTS — GENERAL AND DOMESTIC.

VIOLET POWDER.—Violet powder is made by scenting finely-sifted arrowroot with a little orrisroot.

A GOOD way to clean black kid gloves is to take a teaspoonful of salad oil, drop a few drops of ink in it, and rub it over the gloves with the tip of a feather; then let them dry in the sun.

To take ink spots out of mahogany, touch with a feather dipped in a teaspoonful of water to which a few drops of spirits of nitre have been added, and rub quickly with a wet cloth.

SOAP AND SILVER.—Never put a particle of soap about your silver if you would have it retain its original lustre. When it wants polishing, take a piece of soft leather and whiting and rub hard.

BLACKING FOR HARNESS.—Melt four ounces of mutton suet with twelve ounces of beeswax; add twelve ounces of sugar candy, four ounces of soft soap, dissolved in water, and two ounces of indigo, finely powdered. When melted and well mixed, add half a pint of turpentine. Lay it on the harness with a sponge, and polish off with a brush.

INFLUENCE OF COLORED GLASS ON BULBOUS ROOTS.—Put a bulb, as a hyacinth, narcissus, etc., into a white glass, and another into a purple glass; the latter will grow faster than the former; and if a pinch of salt, or a piece of nitre be put into the water whenever it is changed, the brightness of the color of the flower will be considerably heightened.

LACE may be restored to its original whiteness by first ironing it slightly, then folding it, and sewing it into a clean linen bag, which is placed for twenty-four hours in pure olive oil. Afterwards, the bag is boiled in a solution of soap and water for fifteen minutes, then well rinsed in lukewarm water, and finally dipped in water containing a slight proportion of starch. The lace is then taken from the bag, and stretched on pins to dry.

BONE SPAVIN.—Muriatic acid, eight ounces; pulverized cantharides, one ounce; fill a drachm phial about one-third full with the medicine, and after greasing below the lump with lard or oil, apply it upon the lump, covering a space the size of a five cent piece. Apply it once every day for four days, then keep the sore well greased with lard or oil until it heals up. If one course of treatment fails to cure, apply the medicine as before; the second never fails.

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF LINEN.—Stains caused by acids can be removed by wetting the part and laying on it some salt of wormwood; then rub without diluting it with more water. Or, tie up in the stained part some pearlash, then scrape some soap into cold soft water to make a lather, and boil the linen till the stain disappears. Recent stains of fruit may be removed by holding the linen tightly stretched over a tub and pouring hot water over the part. This may be done before any soap has been applied to it. As soon as the stain is made on table linen, etc., rub on it common table salt, before it has had time to dry. The salt will keep it damp till the cloth is washed, when the stain will disappear; or, wash the stain lightly when the cloth is removed.

NEWS OF INTEREST.

OYSTERS sell for six cents each in London.

OF 291,042 teachers in this country, 127,713 are school-marms.

THERE are eight hundred and seventy-five pupils in the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston.

THE United States supplies sixty per cent. of all the foreign wheat consumed in Great Britain and Ireland.

SEVERAL factories have commenced to manufacture bandboxes six feet high, intended for the "coming bonnet."

OUR total cotton production for the last three years reached the enormous aggregate of 11,750,000 bales, worth about $725,000,000.

THE last way of enameling ladies is by hypodermic injections of arsenic dissolved in rose-water. "It causes paralysis; but, no matter, it does the business.

THE London *Law Times* admits the superiority of American legal literature, and says that more of our lawyers write from sheer love of study than those of England.

IT must have been a woman who compiled the table of figures to show that the average man who patronizes the barber spends for shaving in forty years the sum of $4000 87.

HYDRATE OF CHLORAL, as a stimulant is taking the place of opium, hasheesh, etc., in England, and to some extent in this country. It kills in about three years on an average.

ONE hundred and sixty-five thousand nine hundred and seventy-one dozen corsets, valued at $1,355,580, had to be imported last year to add to the symmetry and grace of American women.

STRAWBERRIES, the first of the season, of English growth, made their appearance in the London markets on the 23d of March this year. They were sold at the rate of from half a crown to five shillings for small baskets containing from six to nine strawberries.

THE Chinese are evidently pagans. They celebrate all their holidays by paying their debts, forgiving their enemies, and shaking hands all round. The civilized people who have gone to China have not yet induced them to relinquish these old and barbarous habits.

No fewer than twenty thousand samples of wine were shown at the Exhibition at Vienna, and for two months a body of thirty jurors and experts were engaged in the agreeable task of tasting, comparing and judging the finest specimens of the productive powers of every wine-growing country.

IN the month of June another English polar expedition will attempt to unveil the mystery of the Arctic regions. Three vessels, one of them fitted out in part by the indefatigable Lady Franklin, will constitute the fleet. They will proceed as far as possible before winter, and next year the party will leave on sledges for the pole.

A GOOD judge of tobacco says that speculators in the "weed" can put this in their pipe and smoke it. The names Regalia, Londres, Dumas and Entr' Operas do not refer to quality, but to sizes. The quality is indicated by superfino, fino, superior and bueno. Maduro means that the tobacco is very strong, oscuro, for that not so strong, colorado, for medium, and claro, for mild.

ACCORDING to the last census in England and Wales the females of the population outnumber the males by five hundred thousand, but above the age of twenty-five the males exceed the females in number. While there were four hundred thousand widowers, there were eight hundred and seventy-three thousand widows. Above the age of ninety the females number two to every male.

FRANCE, Prussia and Austria politely inform us that they don't want our potatoes. They are afraid that the mysterious Colorado beetle may be secreted in them. England is a little afraid of our beetle, too, and has almost made up her mind to put the American potato on the index expurgatorious. Americans are not troubled with the beetle terror, and potatoes will doubtless be cheaper this year.

IT has been suggested that, for the purposes of identification, as in the case of criminals, for example, it is only necessary to get a distinct photograph of the palm of one hand, taken in a strong oblique light, so as to bring out the markings strongly. This will be found a map, it is said, which is never alike in two persons; no disguise short of actual disfigurement can do away with the difference.

PROFESSOR TICE, the meteorologist, states that from the 5th of June, until about the middle of July, will be a season of high electric tension in the atmosphere, many and severe thunder-storms, possibly heavy rainfalls and cyclones, such as water-spouts and tornadoes. Again in October a like condition of the weather will occur. The professor maintains that the equinox of Venus will produce these disturbances, and that they may be looked for either twenty or twenty-five days preceding that event.

THE MOST POWERFUL SHIP-OF-WAR IN THE WORLD.—The armor-clad, twin-screw ship Alexander, recently launched at Chatham by the Prince of Wales, is considered the most powerful sea-going ship-of-war ever built or building. She carries twelve and fourteen inches of iron plating, and is expected to attain a speed of fourteen knots an hour. Her armament will consist of twelve 25-ton guns, and twelve of 18 tons. It is said that there is no ship in any other navy which could dare to challenge her, though in size she is surpassed by the British ship Minotaur. The latter is of 10,627 tons, while the Alexander is but 9500. A sister ship, to be named the Temeraire, is building.

"Who Will Suffer?"

IT IS NOW 27 YEARS SINCE DR. TOBIAS' Venetian Liniment was put before the public; warranting it to cure Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Old Sores, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest; and it never has failed. Sold by Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

OBSERVATIONS OF

NASAL CATARRH.

An abstract from a forthcoming work on diseases of the throat and air-passages, by A. N. Williamson, M. D., late Clinical Physician to the University Medical College, New York City. Mailed to any address for 10 cents. Address the author, [illegible] East [illegible] street, N. Y.

Dr. Williamson's great success in the treatment of Catarrhal and throat and lung affections, renders valuable whatever comes from his pen."—*Journal of Medical Science.*

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4th A.D.

S. J. C. WALKER, C. McP. REED, JOSEPH P. REED. } Editors and Proprietors.

Saturday Evening, May 29, 1875.

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DECORATION DAY.

"Old Mortality" was accustomed to make his periodical rounds of the weather-stained and moss-covered gravestones of the Covenanters, whose characters he venerated and whose memories he cherished, and took a melancholy pleasure in regraving the half-obliterated letters, which told of their worth and their sacrifices. And so we, of the present day, love to revisit the graves of the nation's heroes; to strew fresh flowers over them; to drop the tear of sincere sorrow, and to testify our appreciation of what they did and suffered for our sakes. The flowers are symbols of our love, and an expression of our faith in a future and a better life.

It is impossible for us to lay our garlands on the grassy hillside, which hide the bodies of our dead, without stretching forward, and upward as it were, in contemplation of the spiritual life. It is, therefore, a noble and a natural feeling which consecrates Decoration Day—setting it apart as a fitting occasion for tender memories and heartfelt gratitudes. What more appropriate tribute could a grateful nation offer than the periodical visits to the last resting-places of its slumbering patriots, and the liberal offerings of flowers and careful attentions?

It is a beautiful custom—better, far better, than costly monuments of granite or marble, which minister to pride alone; which remain too often unvisited or forgotten; and the letters on which become dimmed by time, or gather the rust of neglect.

There is another thought. While the humble grassy hillocks which mark where—not one, but—the nation's dead lie, call forth tears and the tenderest offices of affection; while they teach the rising generations the lesson of duty so nobly performed, all feeling of sectional bitterness should be removed, and all personal or class enmities buried forever in forgetfulness. As the hundreds of thousands of soldiers who fell on the battlefield or wasted 'away in the hospitals, are now one in death, so let all survivors be one in life; one in a living faith, in respect for the law, in love for the Union, and in fidelity to each other.

In no way can we do this more gracefully or more touchingly than, in the coming anniversary of Decoration Day, by strewing flowers on the graves of the fallen soldiers, without distinction as to flag or party. Our Illustration on the first page very appropriately suggests and portrays this charity and mutual forgiveness.

> For with an equal splendor
> The morning sun rays fall,
> With a touch impartially tender
> On the blossoms blooming for all—
> Under the sod and the dew,
> Waiting the Judgment Day;
> Broidered with gold, the Blue,
> Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

REAL COMFORTS OF LIFE.

There are different conceptions of pleasure and comfort. Most people find, with or without experience, that the real comforts of life are had at home. For there the devoted wife is the presiding deity; there the children prattle and play; there the young girl approximates and reaches womanhood; within its sacred precincts youth puts on the responsibilities of manhood; there are the reunions of hearts and hopes and prayers; there can be found real rest; there the place and affection typical of the better life and the "home not made with hands eternal in the Heavens;" there the germinating and binding together of hearts and minds and souls in a bond as strong as a chain and as lovely as a wreath of beauteous flowers; there the memories that grow and exist with life itself; there the influences that strengthen, and bless and guide in after years, wherever we do and whenever our footsteps roam. Never were truer and more eloquent words said, than Payne hath penned:

> "Be it ever so humble,
> There is no place like home."

IN THE WOODS.

BY HARRISON WEIR.

> From under the moss, from under the stone,
> From under the roots of trees,
> I can hear a rill's soft tremulous tone,
> Though it roams where no one sees:
> 'Tis now mid the grasses high,
> And now 'neath the hawthorn gay;
> With never a song, yet often a sigh,
> It glides on its wearisome way.
>
> I follow the sound to a willowy dell:
> Another low voice I hear,
> From a purling brook and I love it well,
> With its deep pools, bright and clear;
> The purling brook knows the tremulous tone
> Of the modest rill, there wandering lone,
> And whispers, My love, draw near.
>
> From amid the fronds of a flow'ring fern
> I can hear the answer given—
> I come, I come, delighted I turn,
> For love on this earth is heaven.
> Now listen the sedges sigh,
> Now listen the kingcups fair;
> 'Tis ever a song, and never a sigh,
> Fall the sun or the moonbeams there.

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

Only a half-blown daffodil from the bulbous root he planted years ago, and it is bruised and broken from its journey of days across hill and valley to the sea-side cottage where she sits, but her eyes shine at sight of it, and she holds it tenderly upon her palm, saying:

"O, my darling! my darling! did you come to me? *Did* you dream I was starved for the sight of you?"

And then she kisses over and over again its soft yellow leaves, as if they were the threads of shining hair she has missed from her bosom so long that the time seems ages.

She knows just how boldly it pushed its way up through the snow. She could go, in the darkest hour of the darkest night, straight to the myrtle-bed whose border it has brightened; and she wishes she could go there now, though the old house and everything in and around it have changed so much since the days she loves to remember.

The present slips softly out of her thought, and in fancy she is back again in the springtime of her life, and the springtime of the year, bareheaded and barehanded, and light of heart as the birds whose songs she echoes.

What does she know of the great world beyond the hills that have hedged her in from birth? What does she care for it? She is always with *him*—her brown-eyed brother—and they call her a "tom-boy," but say in the same breath she is the "sunshine" of the house.

They are up in the morning early, he and she, driving home the full-uddered cows, galloping the horses to water, gathering the sap from the old troughs and the new pans beside the late-budding maples and watching it boiled down in huge kettles hung in an arch in a hollow of the wood.

O, the joy of a little "sugaring off" in a tiny basin over a pile of coals! O, the unrivaled deliciousness of the wax, eaten from the pure, white chip! O, the laughter and the singing that make the deep wood merry and that from "over the hills and far away" come back in happy echoes!

And then the stories that the father tells, when, chilled through at last, they huddle up close to him in the sugar house and listen with wonder, widened eyes and smiles that have not learned to be incredulous!

They have the same brown eyes—the father and the children—the same, happy, hopeful, buoyant spirits (nature's kindly gifts), and the same warm, impulsive hearts.

And the gathering of the wild flowers later on, the roses later still and the brightly tinted leaves in the glory-time of all the glorious year!

She is having it all over again—the daffodil held closely in her palm as her heart is in the past. She sees the sun go down behind the swamp where the sweet flag grows and the wild honeysuckle makes all the wind a perfume; she hears the chorus of the frogs, the bleating of the lambs, the lowing of the cows and the ploughman's voice as he comes singing up the lane, his broad-rimmed hat in his horny hand and contentment in every line of his homely, honest face. She sees the apple trees in blossom on her right, the cherry on her left, and the bees among them make a dearer music than she will ever find elsewhere, though the great world cover her with favor as with a garment and crown her with the green leaf and the bay.

And again in the late twilight they kneel together, father, mother, brother and sisters, and humbly ask God's blessed guidance, his care, his comfort, and his love.

The good-nights are said, the good-night kisses given, and another day has "Gone glimmering through a dream of things that were."

If poverty and toil were there—hope, and trust, and faith, and *love* were there too; and the days were made sweet, and fair, and good for the heart to turn back to from the famine that was to follow.

To-night she sits alone, though dreaming still of them. The brown-eyed boy has lain for many a year in his grave upon the hill, and sadder things than death have divided the sisters forever and forever.

The gray-haired father and the patient mother still honor the house, whose walls—though leaning to decay—are as sacred as life itself to her whose palm yet holds the daffodil grown in and gathered from its shadow—but they have grown too feeble for the tasks once done so easily, and tenants open and shut the doors whose very hinges are precious; look out of windows holy as heaven, and walk carelessly on ground as sacred, *to her*, as any set aside in the land of the hereafter for the sole use of the saints.

She is glad she cannot see them. The sacrilege is too terrible even to think of calmly. She is sure she would shoot them if she could; and yet she knows that they are not to blame, and that the very best has been done that could be.

"But it is hard!"

She has said those words a thousand times—thinking of the old home and its tenants; but the hard things *are*, and she—and we—can bear them *if* we must.

She is sure of the father's, and the mother's love—and that is much, so much! She breaks down sometimes—as now, with her cheek upon the faded flower and the tears raining from her sad, sad eyes, and she wants to go home—but the home is lost to her. Strangers are in possession there, and everything is changed, everything save the two hearts that hold, and will hold her always, fondly and proudly.

We can bear so much, and still be happy if we will. Not wildly happy, as in the heyday of life untried, but tranquilly so, as those are who have struggled hard to put repining and regret forever under their feet, struggled and *conquered*.

Life—*our* life—may be far from what we wish it were, far from what we once thought it surely *must* be, and, at the same time, be far better for us than if we had marked out for ourselves its devious steps, and chosen all its happenings.

But *she* cannot think so to-night, she of the white lips that quiver so as they drop kiss after kiss upon the little crushed messenger from the far off home of her childhood.

She wants to go back there, and find everything as it used to be, when her feet and her heart were light as the thistle-down she toyed with on the summer road to school. She wants to be down on the green grass in the orchard, a moss bank for her pillow, and the birds to sing her to sleep, just as they used when life was young, and fair and free. She wants to dream the old dream over, and, God help her! to die before she wakens.

She has said so often: "No matter what comes or does *not* come the roof-tree that sheltered my childhood stands strong to shelter me still. If I tire of the great, wide world; if it baffle, disappoint or hurt me in body, brain or heart, like a bird I will fly to the nest that will ever be lonesome without me, and there I shall be

> "'Happy to remember,
> And happy to forget.'"

Now she can say so never again, and her heart is bitter in its rebellion.

She wonders if even up in heaven there will not be a soft, smooth, invidious snake between her and the mother whose feet she would creep over desert sands to kiss, and to lie in whose arms for just one little moment would be compensation ample for years and years in hell.

Ah, she can *only* wonder now. *Some time she will know*; and she must wait, as we all must, for the surprises of eternity.

Till then?

> "What if the bread be bitter in thine sin,
> And thou unshod to meet the State?"

So she is saying to her heart that has seen faith die—

> "That has seen those that were Heaven's armor worsted;
> That has heard Truth lie;
> Seen life, beside the founts for which it thirsted,
> Curse God and die."

And yet, with the poor, pale daffodil betwixt her cheek and palm, she adds:

> * * * "'God judges for us best.
> God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
> And trust in heaven humbly for the rest.'"

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS.

With Annotations by Lord Dundreary.

A fellah once told me that another fellah wote a book before he was born—I mean before the *first* fellah was born (of course the fellah who wote it must have been born, else, how could he have witten it?)—that is a long time ago—to pwove that a whole lot of pwoverbs and things that fellahs were in the habit of quoting were all nonsense.

I should vewy much like to get that book. I—I think if I could get it at one of those spherical—no—no—globular—no, that's not the word—circle—circular—yes, that's it—*circulating* libwawies (I know it was *something* that went round)—I think if I could just borrow that book from a circulating libwawy—I'd—yes, upon my word now—I'd twy and wead it. A deuced good sort of book that, I'm sure. I—I always *did* hate pwoverbs. In the first place, they—they're so howwibly confusing—I—I always mix 'em up together, somehow, when I twy to reckomember them. And besides, if evewy fellah was to wegulate his life by a lot of pwoverbs, what—what a beathly sort of uncomfortable life he would lead!

I remoleckt—I mean remember—when I was quite a little fellah, in pinafores, and liked wasbewwy jam, and—and a lot of howwid things for tea—there was a sort of collection of illustwated pwoverbs hanging up in our nursery at home. They belonged to our old nurse—Sarah—I think—and she had 'em fwamed and glazed. "Poor — Richard's," I think she called 'em, and she used to say—poor dear—that if evewy fellah attended to evewything Poor Richard wote, that he'd get vewy wich, and l-live and die—happy ever after. However, it—it's vewy clear to me that—he couldn't have attended to them—*himself*, else, how did the fellah come to be called *Poor* Richard? I—I hate a fellah that pweaches what he doesn't pwactice. Of courth, if what he said was twue, and he'd stuck to it—he he'd have been called—Rich Richard—stop a minute—how's that? Rich Richard? Why, that would be *too* rich. Pwaps that's the reason he pwefered being Poor.

But, as I was saying, these picture pwoverbs were all hung up in our nursery, and a more uncomfortable set of makthims—you never wead. For instance, there was

> "*Early to bed, early to rise,*
> *Makes a fellah healthy, and wealthy, and wise.*"

I don't b'lieve a word of that—I'll tell you why. To begin with "healthy." When my brother Sam and I were children, we were all packed off to bed about eight or nine o'clock, and had to get up at six or seven—quite the middle of the night, you know—and pway did *that* keep us healthy? On the contwawy, we were always getting meathles, or whooping cough, or vaccinathion, or some howwid complaint or other.

And then about "*wealthy.*" Look at my bwother Sam. *He* used to be out shouting vewy early—I'm sure when he was home—and you know *he's* not over flush just now. That weminds me—he—he borrowed a lot of money of me just before he left, and stwange to say, he's forgotten all about it since. But I never could make Sam out. He's such a—a deuthid inconthequential fellah—Sam is.

Then there was another of "Poor Richard's" pwoverbs (confound him)!

> "*Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou wilt sell thy necessaries.*"

"Buy what thou hast no need of." Th-that's a vewy nice sort of mowwal makthim—*that* is. Why, th-that's precisely what I do do. I'm always buying something or other that I don't want. I—I bought wather a neat thing lathst theason. Th-they'd only just come out then. I d-dare say evewy fellah's got one now—and—a-so there's no use in having it any longer—but 'twas a vewy neat sort of thing though—*weally*. I'll t-tell you what 'twas like.

If you l-looked stwaight at it, you know, it l-looked like an umbwella—and—a-so it was an umbwella—*weally*—and—and, ha, ha—that's the besht of the joke—but it—was a lot of other things beside. In the first place, the stick was an air-gun, which you could use, you know, in *fine* weather—when it was—wasn't raining, and you didn't want the umbwella. A utheful sort of thing an a-air-gun is, I'm told, in the—the backwoods and those sort of howwid places, when you haven't got, you know, a *wegular* gun. Well, and then the handle was made of ivowy, d'ye see? Yes—that was it—an ivowy handle—and it opened, you know, with a thort of hinge—and inside was a—was a pipe case—lined with blue satin (a deuthid pwetty sort of notion that, I always thought—blue satin.) The inventor of that machine m-must have been a man of taste. If I could only f-find him out, I'd—I'd ask him to bweakfast, I would. I—I always like to encouwage taste, and the fine arts—and—and all those sort of pwetty works of genius. Well, the handle was a pipe case, with a m-most stunning sort of m-meerschaum pipe inside and an amber mouthpiece. 'Pon my word now—it was a jolly sort of pipe—*weally*.

Well—th-that wasn't all, for when you unsquood the ferule at the end, there was a jolly pencil case; and if you unsquood it again, there was a place for leads and india-wubber, and—let me see—oh, yes—I wemember now—if you squood it all back again vewy much indeed, out popped a jolly little gold pen—to be sure *that* wasn't m-much use without the ink—but th-then, you know—if—if a f-fellah's got a pencil—he—he doesn't want to wite with ink, does he? At least no *weasonable* fellah does—and—if he ever d-did—I know a stunning dodge. You—you can have a little bottle made, with a gold top, you know—a kind of a thort of a lady's companion-looking thing—and hang it on your watch chain like a "charm." That's not a bad idea of mine, is it? I—I've a good mind to take out a patent for that—I have!

I forgot to say that about half-way down the stick there was a place for a penknife, and a toothpick, and cork-scwew—all—you know—vewy utheful things in their way—especially the cork-scwew.

The worsht of it was that, somehow or other, I never wanted any of 'em. So I think Poor Richard was wong after all—to tell a fellah to buy what he has no n-need of—and as for s-selling my *necessawies*—I—I'm dash'd if I'll do anything of the kind—n-no—not for P-poor Richard—nor—nor any other man.

But there's one vewy nonthensical pwoverb which says:

"*A b-bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.*"

Th-the man who invented that proverb must have been a b-born idiot. How the dooth can he t-tell the welative v-value of poultry in that pwomithcuous manner? Suppothe I've got a wobin wed-bweast in my hand (I nearly had the other morning, but he flew away—confound him)! Well, suppothe the two birds in the bush are a b-bwace of partwidges, you—you don't mean to t-tell me that that wobin wed-bweast would fetch as m-much as a bwace of partwidges? *Abthurd!* P-poor Richard can't gammon me in *that* sort of way.

Then there's another:

"*The pitcher goes oft to the well, but the pitcher at last may be broken.*"

Now this I take to be a sort of alle—what is that word now, which m-means something diffewent to what it *weally* means? An alle—alligator? No—alli—compane—alkali? Al—no—*allegory*—that's it. The pitcher is a sort of allegowy, and means, of courth, a person. Well, if—if a person goes to the *well*, it stands to all weason th-that he can't go to the *bad*, and if he dothn't go to the b-bad, he can't be bwoken—so Poor Richard's out again *there*. But if he *weally* means a pitcher—a thing for holding water, you know—why, suppothing it is bwoken (as any *weal* pitcher may be, any day of the week), the only thing a fellah can do is to b-buy another. They're not so vewy expensive, after all, so what's the use of making such a jolly wow about it?

This eccentwic old party then goes on to say:

"*Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.*"

Did you ever hear such nonthense? If there's one thing I hate to cawwy about with me it 'th coppers. Somehow or other, I never had but vewy few pence in my life—and those—I—I gave away to one of th-those organ fellahs in the stweet. Ha, ha! I suppothe he bought m-monkeys or some howwid thing with it—I—I don't care. I only hope I shall never see any more b-beathly coppers again—howwid things! Fancy—I had to put them in my pocket—I—I hate putting things in my pocket. Th-that's a sort of thing no fellah should do—it spoils the shape of one's trowsers so. And then the muff says that the pounds will take care of themselves! I don't believe a word of it. Besides—I don't mind cawwying pounds—I mean pounds *sterling*, not poundth *weight*, of course—I rather like pounds. They—they'd be pwetty little things—if it wasn't for the change. But then a fellah can always give the change away, if he likes.

Let me see—th'there's something more about money that Poor Wichard says. Oh, I wemember:

"*If you would know the value of money, try to borrow some.*"

By Jove! yes, he—he's wite *there*—he's wite at last—Poor Richard is (if he'd been *Rich* Richard he wouldn't have hit that off so well). Yes, if you would know the value of money, twy to *borrow* some. Vewy twue—and I'll tell you another thing—when you've found out how valuable it is—ha, ha! NEVER LEND IT.

Th-that's my makthim.

You see I'm th-thinking of bwother Sam—I d-don't suppothe I shall see S-Sam again for a long time. Exkewth these tears.

DUNDREARY.

RANDOM REFLECTIONS.—If we take, from business and worldly cares, no time for thoughts of other things, no time for recreation and relief, no time for acts looking to the future and a better life, the hour is certain to arrive, sooner or later, when a crisis will confront us, compelling us to do all those things which we so much neglect in the routine of business or professional life. How much better is it, then, to make rest, recreation, reflection, thoughts of a future and a better, purer and holier state of existence, a part of our daily experience; combining business with charity, industry with kindness; perseverance with fortitude; experience with religion; a commingling of qualities and hopes that lighten life as we go through the world, and add to the pleasures of the present with a view to the hereafter.

THE worst misfortune is to be unable to bear misfortune.

TOWN LIFE.

BY REV. DR. BADGER.

Not city life. Town life in the strict meaning of the first word, which is not, after all, the ordinary acceptation of the two combined. Neither, for present purposes, will it do to accept for cities all that with a certain tendency inherent in human nature to make the most of itself, arrogantly assume that title, bribing the legislature according to a legalized form, understand! to authorize the misuse of the English language. Have we not inhabited a city with a mayor and aldermen and Select and Common Councils, and all other modern municipal inconveniences, with fifteen hundred people and not a pavement or a cobble-stone in the place? But dead lettering all "acts," whether original, or "supplementary to other acts entitled" (practically) "acts to modify" the meaning of words; and regarding as cities only such monuments of man's gregariousness as New York and Philadelphia, New Orleans and Boston, we shall find, that the reason no satisfactory book of "American Notes" has yet appeared in Europe, is, probably, the neglect by tourists of the town life which is that of the majority of our people. To judge of a man you must see him at home; and though Paris be France, New York is not America. We have often wondered, why we were never elected to a high office, seeing that we have lived in more towns than most American citizens. Expressing that feeling one day, to Mr. Slipkin, he said, that probably that was the very reason. At any rate, it is a reason for feeling some confidence in speaking of town life in New England and the Middle States, to which space restricts this article, allowing room only for noting that they differ from those of the South and West, as much as from those of England, and rather more than some of them differ from those of Germany. It is only on account of our institutions that they are unlike English towns. Anglo-Saxons as we are, minus beef, beer, and the Gulf Stream, we can only go with the family at home as far up as the attorney, the doctor, the judge, and the retired capitalist. We have no squire, no baronet, no earl, who came in with the Conqueror (because no conqueror ever came in yet, and has now probably missed his opportunity); no overshadowing duke to give indirectly a tone to society, trade to the shops, and a turn to politics; which however might be the better for it, since it is hoped that they are nearly done on one side—the venal one. We have none of the disadvantages of an hereditary aristocracy, and none of the advantages either. No one influence is predominant among our townspeople; but, at the same time, there is no group of men, to all intents townsmen, surely to be relied upon as sources of municipal improvement; being sufficiently educated to appreciate a necessity; and sufficiently wealthy and powerful to supply it, though government aid were indispensable. Neither can it be denied, that the lack of family perpetuation checks the advance of refinement, and keeps down the tone of society; but, inasmuch as the hereditary houses, which might elevate that tone, are fond over there of sitting with closed doors, and as the same is done here as far as possible—while their money lasts, their company is less missed than it would have been had they made themselves agreeable.

What then regulates society in American towns? Europeans would naturally suppose it to be classified wholly on a republican, as theirs on a monarchical and aristocratic basis. And just wouldn't they be mistaken though? Do we not know that it is regulated on a purely financial basis—classified strictly according to money. This is partly owing to the foundation of the towns themselves on a money basis. Agriculture builds a village, but it wants nothing more. Manufactures speedily build up a town and adorn its suburbs with "villa-residences," as they are called, though what is a villa but a residence? Commerce ere long erects a city. And as the hope of gain has led the people together, it is not surprising that they who have gained most should take the lead. There are few places where every door will not open when a carriage stops and a liveried footman jumps down (we beg his pardon, alights) to ring. The self-made man, whom society in his own great city forgets to invite, has but to remove to a town, one of the old aristocratic towns near another great city, and his children may move into that metropolis as one of the first families; having, meantime, married into the same.

After money as a social basis comes, in most towns, religion. Not to attend some church is, generally, apt to be respectable. The richer the congregation, the greater the respectability; even though the individual be but well to do. For, in that case, the body of his fellow worshipers being a city set on a hill, which cannot be hid, he shines by reflected light; and whereas they are of the salt of the earth, he partakes of the flavor.

This is a far better basis of social separation than the former; for what consolation to the believer to feel that he is certainly "one of the elect" in this world whatever may be said about the next? There is, also, a third law of separation in town society, which, however, exists only when they are near large cities. In all such places the affinity between the natives and new comers from the metropolis, is about equal to that between water and oil. So marked is the distinction, in some places, as to approach that between the gentry and peasantry in Europe; though, thanks to freedom, education, railroads, and the press, it does not last beyond a generation or two. From such sources it comes, that in a score of towns, as of leaves or of human beings, no two can be found alike. This is a curious illustration of the correspondence of the whole with its parts, and shows the folly of hoping that a legislature (for example) can be pure unless its corrupt honorables be weeded out. For, despite certain points of resemblance, the towns of the United States are as unlike as different individuals, even, as frequently and unnecessarily happens, when they have the same name, to the annoyance of correspondents and the confusion of post offices. They may be classified in groups or families. The old aristocratic towns of New England, and Maryland, and New York, where

> Somewhat back from the village street
> Stands the old-fashioned country seat,

with the old elms shading its antique portico, and the clock ticking "forever—never" on the stairs, you may be sure; the German towns of Pennsylvania, with their hipped roofs; the suburban towns, already noticed, where so many houses are going up or being enlarged, that you bring away a vague impression, that two-thirds of the inhabitants reside in the "residence," while the workmen are building the "villa," consisting of one wing and a tower. An entertaining volume will that be, which, entitled "Travels at Home," shall describe to the people of each town the peculiarities of the rest—not more instructive or communicative of the unknown Du Chaillu's delightful story books, or Twain's "Innocents Abroad!" and not more full of humor—witness "Major Jones' Courtship," a photograph of one side of life in an American country town! Romantic, too, as any chronicle of Chivalry, albeit of a more homely type. Off with the roofs, Diable Boiteux! What scenes of comedy and tragedy, of joy and sorrow, silent heroism, and refined cruelty, are going on in these homely frame dwellings, cottages ornee, old country seats embowered in old shrubbery, or "villa residences," seemingly built of gingerbread.

We have room only for one such, in connection with an old white mansion that used to stand, and may still, for aught we know, be standing at the end of an avenue of elms, leading out of a shady green-banked "Fifth Avenue" of a Rhode Island town. A tall iron fence excluded the vulgar; a stately gateway admitted the "elect;" but the neglected grounds, even before the eye reached the shabby facade of the mansion, told of vanished wealth and fallen greatness, as sadly as did the threadbare furniture, the stained walls, and the battered plate—solid silver, what was left of it—after you got inside. One front corner of the grounds had been fenced off for a tavern lot and a livery stable!

Blessings on Mrs. Lawson's fat, good-natured soul, though she did eat with her knife, and ask if we would take "some of the fluid" with her capital stewed pears! And the story will tell you why we bless her.

The father and uncle of the mansion's occupant and former owner, a noble-looking man, nobly mannered, and, in his youth, nobly immoral, were both men of immense wealth, theirs most justly, for they had earned it. And Mrs. Lawson's grandfather-in-law was coachman to one of them.

Driving them once, in an open carriage, through a village which, between them, they about owned, old Lawson heard the father say to the uncle:

"Brother Tom, we have acquired all this wealth, and we are nabobs; yet riches have wings, and in the days of our great-grandchildren some of our name may be beggars."

"In the days of our great-grandchildren!" cried the other. "Before that, brother Mark; long before that, brother Mark!"

Now, observe. It is "brother Mark's" own son who, with his family, now grown up, occupies the great, white, shabby mansion, in which, when his children were young, he lived "in style." He lives there now in very different style; but the mansion is his no longer; nor would he now be its master, but that others of his name have some family pride.

Meantime, in the tavern on the corner, this Christmas morning of 18—, Mrs. Lawson's children are rampant, Mrs. Lawson's table is loaded, Mrs. Lawson's fires are blazing cheerily, and Mrs. Lawson's kind heart is all in a glow. Through the snow flakes flying before the keen blast, straight from the bay, Mrs. Lawson looks over to the great, white house.

"Mark," says she to her husband (he was christened, surname and all, for his grandfather's old master, and sorely have the white house people resented that indignity)—"Mark," says the landlady.

"Well, my dear?" answers the burly tavern keeper.

"I'll tell you what," she continues, musingly.

"Tell me, then."

"Mark, I don't believe—no, I do not believe that them there Montmorenci-Plantagenets have got a scrap of coal or a stick of wood in the house this blessed Christmas morning."

"What!" cries Lawson.

"Dear, won't you take 'em some, just as a little present, you know. Don't let on."

Half an hour afterwards the good woman sees, for the first time that cold, dark morning, the smoke issuing from the chimney of the great, white house, and her own Christmas is the merrier.

After all, then, to have your neighbors know all about you, the one great drawback of town life is, sometimes, not without its compensating advantages. Doubtless the Plantagenets thought so on that occasion, and we have reason to suppose on many others. It might be solely advantageous, were human hearts less desperately wicked. But the passion for gossip is one of those native propensities of humanity wherein all towns are alike, and all cities like towns, only the victimized citizen is less apt to hear of it. The Misses Tattleton, who duly went to church that morning, and told half the Christmas congregation that the Plantagenets had begged their dinner, and the wood to cook it with, from poor Lawson, who, with a temperance house on his hands, had enough to do; and wasn't it a shame?—have the larger following, their imitators being in courts as well as cottages. For what but gossip and scandal are letters and memoirs of my lord and monseigneur, which show us the London and Paris of long ago? What else was the last sensational article about Byron? What else are the sketchy reports of a notorious lawsuit? And therefore, all the brighter burn the Christmas fires of Mrs. Lawson, who preferred helping her neighbors to chattering about them or quarreling with them, and whose example, duly followed, would work a vast increase in the happiness of town life at home and abroad. Certain it is, that if any one community could be persuaded to try the experiment for a year, they would never go back to the old system, for their town lots would bring double and treble in value directly.

INDUSTRY.—If industry is no more than a habit, it is at least an excellent one. If you ask us which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine we shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; we shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.

MANY millionaires are of less service to the community in which they reside than are scavengers that cleanse the streets.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY MARGERY LAIRD.

Old Hans Brandt was an ancient German tailor, and he lived in one of the big, gloomy frame houses in the little Dutch town of New Volkenstrasse in a certain part of the State of New York. Old Hans was accounted by his neighbors a happy man; he had the best cook and housekeeper in Volkenstrasse, and a bag of gold and silver pieces that would have bought the Burgomaster out and out. And, in addition to being cook and housekeeper, his granddaughter was the fairest maiden in all the country round. Fritz the Burgomaster's son, was madly in love with pretty Gretel, and his rivals were scattered over an area of a good many miles. Every market day you might have seen a dozen of the blonde, stout, solid young Dutchmen, strutting, pipe in mouth, past the big house at the corner, where Gretel sat sewing away for dear life behind closed shutters—with, mind you, just a wee little crack left through which blue eyes could peep. Gretel would be a good match for anybody, for she had not only the prospect of her grandfather's gold pieces, but a wonderful store of bed-linen, quilted petticoats and patchwork quilts, all the work of her own plump hands.

Well, in spite of everything, Hans Brandt was not happy. He had been born with a great, a well nigh craving, desire for the acquisition of knowledge; and never having been able to gratify it, he was, at sixty, a thin, yellow dissatisfied old man. Now the knowledge that the old tailor craved was not of that kind that lies hid behind Russia leather covers on well stocked shelves—the only books Hans Brandt cared for were the books of his neighbors lives, and the covers were the decent doors and solid shutters of the respectable residences of New Volkenstrasse. Curosity had been the great curse of little Hans, since the days he stood on tiptoe to peep into the baker's window and watch big Peter courting Frau Miller's fat handmaiden, to the present time; when, smoking his long pipe on his own door-stone, he craned his skinny neck to see what was going on in neighbor Schumm's back yard.

Hans Brandt was sitting one March afternoon in his big leather-backed arm-chair, his pipe was in his hand, but he was not smoking; his brow was all wrinkled up into puckers under his thin, white hair. The blonde-haired *Fraulien* across the way had a lover; at least there was a tall young man in a black hat who had been in and out twice in the past week; and, peep and question as he would, Hans Brandt could find out just nothing at all. This was the trouble that lay heavy on the old man's mind, and wrinkled his brow like a nut.

At last he put his pipe to his lips, and gave up the matter with a muttered, "*Der Teufel!*" and just then there was a knock at the door.

Old Hans was not superstitious; and although the March wind was blowing a gale out of doors, and it was surely no fit day for a dog to be out, he went to the door cheerfully, never once stopping to think that perhaps his untimely visitor might be the very devil upon whom he had just called!

The wind was blowing the snow-flakes in whirling gusts around the corner, and in the very centre of the powdery maelstrom stood a dark, slim figure wrapped ina brown cloak.

"Is Hans Brandt at home?" asked a musical voice; and, without waiting for an answer, the stranger slipped past the thin, little tailor into the wide, warm front room.

How the flakes flew! A sort of miniature snow-storm seemed to be falling in Hans Brandt's big room; and the more the stranger shook himself the larger and whiter fell the flakes. Icicles hung from his broad, ragged hat-brim, and swung on the curling ends of his long, blonde hair.

Hans Brandt stood holding the door wide open, staring open-eyed at the intruder.

"And couldn't you shut the door, my friend?" asked the gentleman of the storm, taking his seat in Hans Brandt's arm-chair.

Hans complied with his request; muttering again, "*Der Teufel!*" as he took *his* seat on a wooden settle in the corner.

"What did you remark, good Hans?" asked the stranger, shaking the icicles from his ragged cuffs.

"*Der Teufel!*" repeated Hans Brandt, in a bewildered tone.

"Oh, no, mien Hans; not the devil at all," replied his guest politely, "but Herr Swopperstein Hegelblimmer Auf Vonderschonnen Schmidt, and very much at your service, too."

Hans Brandt made a low bow; the stranger was very dilapidated and extremely seedy, but he must be, at the very least, a grandee of far-off Gotham, with such a name as that!

"Could you lend me a hat, good Hans?" was the next question; so Herr—Hundred names!—pitched his gray head covering into the middle of the floor, where it spun round and round like a top.

Hans rose, still in a daze, and fetched his own good, substantial broadbrim from the top shelf in the cupboard.

"Ho, ho! Not that thing!" cried Mynheer, disrespectfully; and he snatched down a gay, crimson velvet cap from a peg and set it jauntily on his flaxen poll. "And now for a coat, old friend," continued he; "mine, as you see, is somewhat ragged and wet."

Hans bethought him first of his Sunday suit of the best woolen cloth, with shirtfrills and bosom most wondrously stitched; but the sober snuff color would ill please the young blade before him; and besides, that good cloth had cost many a groschen the yard. The ex-tailor hesitated—there was a purple coat not much worn and only a very little shiny—the stranger watched the old man's face, and there was a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, you are too polite, mien Hans!" he cried at last; "going over all your goodly stores in your mind's eye and trying to pick me out the best! This garment, now, will suit me excellently well." And he reached up to the peg on which the cap had hung a few moments back, and took down a gorgeous dressing-gown, much beflowered. "It matches the cap well enough, as you see," investing his slender person in the voluminous folds.

"It cost me a pile of red gold pieces just six months since," inwardly groaned old Hans; "and lined, too, with the best green silk. Ach! And I am sure I will never see it again!"

Having settled himself comfortably in Hans Brandt's arm-chair, and his very becoming borrowed plumage, the jolly gentleman of the storm looked long and earnestly at his host.

"*Ach Himmel!* He will be wanting my pipe next!" thought the poor old tailor, sitting rather uneasily on the hard wooden bench. But Herr Swopperstein, &c., fortunately did not care to smoke. He was listening to something: it was the gentle pit-a-pat of a light feminine foot on the bare boards above his head. At last he spoke:

"And what were you saying, good Hans, just as I knocked at your door?"

"*Der Teufel!*" cried Hans, getting more and more amazed.

"No, you finished off by exclaiming: 'Der Teufel!'—very irreverent in you by the way; but I am wrong if your thoughts had not been busy with something else beforehand—just as I came around the corner, indeed."

"I was thinking—I was thinking—" stammered Hans, confusedly. In fact, he hardly knew what he had been thinking; his remarkable guest had put Fraulien Bella and her lover entirely out of his head.

"You were thinking," coolly remarked the stranger, 'that you would like to be poking that stumpy little nose of yours into all your neighbors' affairs."

Hans put his hand to the insulted member—"It is a very good nose," said he, in his best Dutch.

"A very good nose, mien Hans; but a thought too broad at the end," laughed his visitor; complacently stroking his own delicate proboscis. "But I spoke figuratively, metaphorically, I should say, when I alluded to your desire to poke it into your neighbors' affairs."

"Oh, did you?" remarked Hans Brandt, reflectively. For while he spoke Dutch, his guest spoke American, and the little ex-tailor had not progressed sufficiently in his English to catch the drift of all the big words. "Met-a-phor-ical-ly! *Ach Himmel!* Oh, yes."

"Yes, you take my meaning. Now would you like to be able to see into all the townsfolk's secrets, my good friend Hans?"

"Ach! I would, indeed!" cried Hans Brandt, exstatically; forgetting everything but his life-long desire. And he puffed out clouds of smoke that nearly filled the room.

"Then you could know all about Fraulien Bella?" suggested Herr S.

"Yes, yes," muttered the tailor; half closing his small gray eyes in contemplative bliss.

"And the tall young man who came in at the garden door last night—"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"And the reason Herr Mittler's hair is so scant on his scalp—"

"Yes—yes!"

"You can find out whether it is his wife that pulls it out by the roots, or whether he has been using a dye that thins it—"

"Oh, yes—yes—Herr Swop—Crop—"

"Perstein, Hegelblimmer Auf Vonderschonnen Schmidt," supplied Mynherr, obligingly. "An excellent old family, my friend."

Hans nodded—his wits had once more gone wool-gathering among the affairs of the neighborhood; and he was getting oblivious of his guest. But Herr S. would not be ignored.

"We can do better yet, Hans," he half whispered with a blink of his eye; "we can find out all about the light that burns all night in the Burgomaster's attic window, and what was in the big box that the school-vathin got last week from New York."

Hans Brandt started as if he had been stung. Vague memories of lost Dutchmen who had sold their souls to the devil flitted through his brain. "*Der Teufel!*" he once more exclaimed, drawing further off into his corner and almost dropping his pipe.

"Hans! if you call me the devil again, I will leave the house," said his guest, a little nettled; "and then you will never have another chance of finding out all you have been wanting to know. Come, come,—I am no devil; only a tricky fellow, who can put you in the way of finding out a secret or two. Tut! tut! can't you see I am not the devil, man?" and he shook his fair, curly locks until the melting icicles dropped to the floor.

"He don't look much like it, that's a fact," pondered Hans; "and it can't do any harm just to be civil to a stranger in your doors." Then aloud: "Well, friend, make yourself at home. I'll do my best to get you what you like under my roof."

"And I will help you in the little matter we spoke of just now. That's a bargain?" said Mynherr.

"That's a bargain," said Hans Brandt, stoutly; though he hardly liked the look of that saucy blue eye.

Then there was a long silence; the guest was still listening to the pit-a-pat over head, and Hans Brandt was smoking his pipe.

"Why is pretty Gretel away?" asked the stranger at length.

Hans moved uneasily on his bench; he had half hoped to get the jolly young Herr out of the house before Gretel came down. He was going to make up some plausible story to account for her absence; but a look in his visitor's eyes checked the words upon his lips. He got up quickly on his shaky feet.

"I will go and look for the girl, gracious Herr," he said, with a new, frightened feeling of there being something wrong about Mynherr Schmidt, though that personage wore the same careless, merry look that had graced his fair face from the first.

Pretty Gretel was upstairs drying the linen in a wide old chamber, tripping airily from one line to the next, while a big fire roared on the hearth. Her blonde braids were tucked away neatly under a snowy cap; a blue kerchief was pinned across her bosom, and a string of gold beads hung around her neck.

"Put a shawl over your head, Gretel, and run over to Fraulien Betta's," said her grandfather, all out of breath after his mounting the stairs so fast; "and tell Fraulien Betta we have a guest to supper. Ask her to come over and help you about your household duties. Run, Gretel, and hurry back!"

Gretel went off for her shawl like a docile maiden, and Hans Brandt tottered down stairs, muttering, "Betta and Gretel together would be a match for the devil himself."

But Herr Schmidt had very long ears.

"Hist! Is not that a step on the stairs?" he said. "Mercy, mien Hans, Fraulien Gretel should not start out in such a storm!"

So Hans Brandt had, perforce, to open the door and call Gretel in.

Gretel did not seem to share her grandfather's fear of the blue-eyed stranger in the red velvet cap; and she was too truly Dutch to be surprised—even by a handsome young man in her grandfather's new flowered dressing-gown—sitting with careless ease in Hans Brandt's sacred arm-chair. So she gave him a modest greeting, as became the model maiden of New Volkenstrasse, and took her seat opposite to him on the wooden settle, putting her shawl aside quietly and taking from her capacious pocket a great ball of blue worsted and a roll of knitting work.

Herr Schmidt eyed her admiringly;—her eyes were the wonderful color of the turquoise skies of the fatherland, and her braids were as smooth as glass and as golden as Hans Brandt's solid thalers in the canvas bag under his bed; and the unchanging, well-set, red and white of her skin was a sight to see.

"Will you marry me, pretty Gretel?" asked Herr Schmidt, after a silence that had lasted for some time. He was looking at her from under his curling lashes in a way that made old Hans Brandt's heart beat;—not so pretty Gretel's.

"I am half promised, already, to Herr Fritz, the Burgomaster's son," she answered, in a matter-of-fact tone; to which the click of her knitting-needles was a pleasant accompaniment.

Herr Schmidt frowned; and a frown wonderfully marred his fresh, young face.

"Herr Fritz!" he said with a sneer. "Herr Fritz is not half good enough for you, Fraulien Gretel! Now *I* would take you off to New York, to the wonderful city, and show you the finest sights in the world."

"I would rather stay among the good neighbors in New Volkenstrasse, where I was brought up," said Gretel, taking up a stitch.

"I would dress you in the finest silk and velvet; you should have plumes on your hat and diamonds in your ears, and walk on carpets all over rooms—"

"A blue woolen petticoat is warmer than silk," said sensible Gretel; "and Fritz likes me well enough in my starched cap. And how could I keep those fine carpets clean, as I pride myself on keeping my sanded floors?" added the little Hausfrau.

Herr Schmidt began to look very dark, and the snow-wreaths fell thicker out of doors; but the firelight blazed brightly on Hans Brandt's hearth.

The stranger gave one piercing glance at Gretel, and saw that the housewifely, commonplace maiden of New Volkenstrasse was not to be won by either his blue eyes or golden promises. He got up and shook the last icicle from his hair. The icy pendant fell right on Hans Brandt's nose; which, if it was small, was so red that it melted it like fire.

He could poke his nose into everybody's business!

"In three weeks, five days and two hours from this present moment," cried Herr Swopperstein Hegelblimmer Auf Vonderschonnen Schmidt, "I will come back, Fraulien Gretel, for your answer—and you, mien Hans, had better show your grand-daughter the right way; or else——" There was something terrible in the blaze of the blue eyes—"And what was our bargain, Hans Brandt?"

"That you would help me to poke my nose into other peoples' business," stammered poor Hans, too much terrified to know what he was saying.

And just then the great clock in the hall struck FOUR!

"So be it—by your own words!" cried Herr Schmidt with a short laugh. And in a second he was into the street like a flash; flowered dressing-gown, green silk lining, red velvet cap and all. He looked like an animated rainbow as he whirled past the window in the driving snow.

Hans Brandt sank on the settle, mottled and yellow with fright; but pretty Gretel gathered up the ragged coat and cloak and the torn gray hat; and, after shaking them carefully, hung them up in the little cupboard under the stairs.

Pretty soon Gretel went back to her upper chamber; and her grandfather, with his nerves sorely shaken, composed himself to his pipe. But the good tobacco had lost its flavor, and the smoke seemed all to go into his nose. That stunted member, too, began to be the centre of certain queer sensations: as if a fly were tickling it outside, and inside a rival power trying to get up a sneeze. Hans raised his hand to clap it on the fly, and wiped off the water left by the icicle that had dropped from the stranger's hair! But, though the water was gone, the tickling sensation remained, and poor old Hans made up his mind that, what with opening the door for Herr Schmidt, and staying so long in the decidedly chilly atmosphere emanating from that gentleman's damp garments, he had caught a severe cold. So the good soul decided not to wait for Gretel's supper, but to take a hot toddy, (a drink just coming into fashion in New Volkenstrasse,) and get himself under his feather bed as soon as might be. First he called Gretel to bring him the hot drink; and then, going into his inner room, was soon in his red flannel night-cap and under a pile of bed-clothes that would have smothered an ordinary man. But the thin and cold-blooded ex-tailor shivered every time he thought of Herr Schmidt and the icy drops that hung from his hair and hat.

When Gretel came in with the smoking tumbler, he was buried nearly up to his hair.

"Your poor nose is swollen to nearly twice its size with the cold you have taken," remarked the sympathizing Fraulien, as she held the toddy to his blue lips.

Hans Brandt dreamed fearful dreams that night, and the worst nightmare of all was that he was bedfellow to a great, white anaconda, that was as cold as the icicle that had fallen on his nose. Before daylight he awoke and threw out his arms wildly under the heavy bed covering. The room was dark, the clock on the mantle was ticking loudly; Hans Brandt fell into a cold perspiration, and almost cried out in terror, though none could hear. There was something in the bed with him, something chilly, and yet with the feel of human flesh. For he had struck it with his tightly-clad arm! After the first fright, some of Hans Brandt's national phlegm came to his aid—he stretched out his hand cautiously and laid it on the foreign substance; it did not move or stir.

"*Der Teufel!*" cried the little tailor, his ruling passion coming into play; "it is not a snake, it is not a man—what is it then? We will see what it is!" And, with courageous curiosity, he took hold of the supposed intruder and slipped his hand along its length. It was smooth and round, and covered, so near as he could judge, with flesh and blood.

It was all doubled up beside him, and the skinny hand of the tailor passed along its curves and twists. At last he traced it—to his intense surprise—plump up against his own nose! There it ended, there it was cemented—or rather it appeared to be the unfortunate member itself lengthened out and coiled up in truly a marvelous way! My! what a yell came from the depths of Hans Brandt's feather-bed! Gretel heard it, and stirred in her maiden sleep; Fraulien Betta heard it, and wondered if her grandfather did beat Gretel after all; Frau Miller heard it, as far as the corner, and cried: "Ach! how that old Hans Brandt does snore!"

"Gretel! Gretel! *Der Teufel*—ah, no—not the devil—it was the devil that did it! Gretel—Gretchen! Gretel! mien Gott!"

Even Gretel, when she came in, lamp in hand, cried out when she saw, protruding above the bed-clothes, her grandfather's elongated organ! But she soon recovered her composure, and approached the bed slowly.

"Gretel," groaned poor Hans; "it was that Herr Schmidt! He dropped an icicle on it, and here it is—ach! Himmel! my poor nose!"

And truly it was a most fearful object! Fifty times as long as the little man himself, red and pimpled and bumpy; a dreadful satire on that fat, flat diminutive organ, that good Herr Brandt had been wont to call NOSE. Surely it must have taken the concentrated juices of *all* the grapes of *all* the vineyards of New Volkenstrasse imbibed for fifty years past to make that huge nose such a glowing, rosy red! Not to mention countless mugs of ale and beer and best Holland's gin!

Alas, Hans Brandt! He could poke his nose into everybody's business indeed! But then the trouble was, he could not at all see over it! Not even into his own pipe, much less into his neighbor's backyards. One fortunate quality the nose possessed, without which it would have kept Hans Brandt pinned to his arm chair, it could carry itself. It would gracefully coil and uncoil, as its possessor willed, and wriggle before him or follow behind, as he walked. So, though it had an ugly trick of winding around sign posts and twisting about houses; though his old companions avoided him as if he were a monster; though the little children, and even the very cats and dogs in the streets, ran from him, yet it was a comfort to Hans Brandt to be able to get about.

And pretty Gretel cooked and scrubbed and washed for him as before; and kept him supplied with handkerchiefs for that wonderful nose. Stuck by the old man, after the first moment of terror, like the dutiful maiden that she was. It was Gretel, who, as she knitted away in the firelight, spoke the only words of consolation that the old tailor heard.

"Three weeks, five days and two hours," that was what Herr Schmidt said: "and we will make him cure your nose before he leaves the door."

"You will not marry him, Gretel?" asked the old tailor; who, even to get rid of his proboscis, would not have let Gretel sell her soul.

But staid Gretel only shook her blonde braids, while the knitting needles flew in her comely fingers. And the weeks and days and hours crept slowly on.

Until it was the first of April and the hands of the great clock pointed to FOUR.

"In two hours more!" said Gretel, hanging the ragged clothes to air by the fire, and taking her seat on her own corner stool.

[*To be concluded.*]

A STREET IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Spite of its dirt and squalor, the Grande Rue, the Broadway of Constantinople, is interesting. It is the scene of a movement almost unexampled in the world. Turks and Greeks, Albanians, Armenians, Circassians, Nubians, Arabs, Maltese, English, French, Russians, Germans, all the nationalities of the world, in fact, help to make up its population. Over its rough, slimy stones passes up and down a ceaseless stream of humanity, now forced for a moment to stop that the carriage of some Grand Pasha, with its outriders, may find a passage; now giving way to a body of Turkish soldiers, who march as if they were flying in disordered retreat from a field of battle; now driven pell-mell before a dashing officer on horseback, who never dreams of drawing rein, although women and children are in helpless confusion before him; and now fighting their way between the uncouth wheels of a timber-laden vehicle, drawn by buffaloes, whose spreading and pointed horns threaten to transfix the poor pedestrian, if by chance he escapes being crushed beneath the burden they are hauling. Here comes a jolting hack, dignified with the title of carriage, filled with Turkish women, in blue and pink silks, their faces covered by the muslin folds of the *yashmac*. If you can get a good look at them *en passant*, you will not be fascinated by their beauty, for the half-veil, although most seductive, is not worn so thin as scarcely to conceal thick noses, gross lips and flabby faces of these beauties of the harem. They are "going shopping," probably to purchase French jewelry at double its value to adorn their persons for the benefit of the Pasha, their master, and their fellow-associates of the harem, for, excepting these, no society do they enjoy. Here, in contrast to them, are some Turkish women on foot, accompanied by their servant, a fat old black woman, who is also concealing her Nubian loveliness beneath a *yashmac* of snowy muslin. These, perhaps, are the wives or concubines of a tradesman, or they would not be on foot. They are wrapped in *ferigees*, or flowing mantles of brightly dyed cotton cloth—purple and green and crimson—the effect of which, with their yellow slippers, is very picturesque. They turn their eyes away as they pass us, for to look upon a man, and least of all upon a "dog of a Christian," would be a most unhallowed proceeding.

MEN'S feelings are always purest and most glowing in the hour of meeting and of farewell; like the glaciers, which are transparent and rosy-hued only at sunrise and sunset, but throughout the day gray and cold.

NURTURE your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

BY SUSANNA J.

What shall I do when I'm old? you say.
Do you think I shall wish in vain
To recall the words I have said to-day,
When I spoke my thought so plain?
Do you think I shall wish in my anguish lot
That I had your wealth, though I loved you not?

I can picture a woman, aged and poor,
Toiling for daily bread,
Recalling hopes she can wake no more,
Remembering flow'rs that are dead,
And thinking sometimes, when her heart beats low,
Of a happier youthtime long ago.

I can picture her treading a lonely way
Through a land whence summer has flown,
Bearing Life's crosses from day to day,
And dying at last alone,
With never a friend or a kindred face
To follow her dust to its resting-place.

I can fancy this; but I know to her heart
Shall never a wish come nigh
That she had chosen the easier part
Of wealth that is bought with a lie,
And bartered her faith, a sordid thing,
For fear of the sorrow that age might bring.

SIMON GIRTY, THE RENEGADE.

An Historical Tale of the Border.

By CHARLES McKNIGHT, Esq., *Author of "Old Fort Du Quesne."*

CHAPTER LXXIX.

A STRANGE BUT HAPPY FAMILY REUNION.

Their course lay now under a line of enormous, white-trunked sycamores, which, singly or in clusters, studded the river's margin. They were plodding quietly along, and had turned a little bend of the trail, when all at once they came upon a family group of Indians—a chief and several women sitting under a tree, and watching the merry sports of some five or six children who were wading in the water, and splashing each other with merry laughs and shoutings.

Both parties were much surprised. The travelers came to a sudden halt, the ponies stopping without orders. The children in the water hushed their noise and came trooping up the bank.

"It's Molunthe himself, and his two wives," nervously and excitedly whispered Girty, holding himself somewhat back, as if knowing his present visit would be an unwelcome one; "and good heavens! there's Kate herself, sitting behind them. Don't you see her?—that blue-eyed girl with the tawny curls."

"Where, oh, where?" exclaimed the anxious mother, still looking for the slight girl of fifteen she had lost three years before, and not at first seeing her in this shy, half-concealed, full-grown maiden. "My God! that must be her! Kate, my dear, long-lost daughter!" and Mrs. Malott threw herself from her horse, and was running up with the greatest haste to embrace her, when suddenly a very tall, stern-looking woman, of majestic mien, sprang up before her and extended her hand with a warning gesture, shouting out in Shawnese:

"Back! back! I say! What do the hated palefaces want with Molunthe's family?"

Mrs. Malott stood appalled before the forbidding looks and harsh, commanding tones of this dusky giantess.

"Let me manage it," said Girty, coming rapidly to the front; "it's the Grenadier Squaw, and's a perfect tigress if you meddle with her whelps. Here's Wa-ta-wa's mother and father," he hurriedly blurted out in Indian. "They've come——"

It needed no further management. At this sentence Wa-ta-wa uttered a shrill cry, sprang to her feet, rushed past the Grenadier Squaw, and threw herself, with a great sob and a touching cry of "Mother! mother!" into Mrs. Malott's arms. There they both stood locked for a moment. The whole scene beggars description.

It was all so sudden that the entire company were now on their feet, silent and stunned. The Indians on both sides were grouped about, wondering what it all meant.

Wa-ta-wa now lifted her head, and seeing her own father standing over her, threw herself also into his arms.

The Grenadier Squaw for a moment stood petrified, glaring savagely first at one and then at the other. Her eyes commenced to roll in a perfect frenzy. A hot, angry flush had mounted to her swarthy cheek. She now commenced to understand the matter somewhat.

Striding forward a step or two, and with a passionate exclamation, she was about to reclaim Wa-ta-wa, when Girty glided in between. She hissed on him with a terrible scowl.

"Dog of a paleface," she hissed out in Shawnee. "It's you, is it, that robs a mother of her young!" and was proceeding to clutch and hurl him to one side—which by the way would have been quite an easy task for her, so colossal was her size and so enormous her strength—when Molunthe, a very noble and commanding-looking chief, rushed forward and bade her hold.

All this had taken place sooner than we can write. It was entirely understood now. Wa-ta-wa had turned from her father to embrace first Nellie and then Frankie, whom their mother had thrust into her arms. A great commotion and confusion followed. The children on both sides were some crying and some mute with awe.

Molunthe, the great Sachem of the Shawnees, and an Indian of uncommon dignity and excellence of character, alone seemed calm. Addressing himself to Girty, he said quietly and impressively in his own tongue, "Captain Girty—I see—these are Wa-ta-wa's parents, and these," pointing to the children—"her brother and sister. Is it not so?"

"It is, indeed," answered Girty in the same language, and then hastily ran over a brief narrative of their original capture, his subsequent search, his discovery of Kate not long before, and the strange story of the Hermit, and the wonderful manner in which the family had been reunited.

Molunthe listened gravely and courteously, all who understood Shawnee being grouped around and drinking in every word.

The Grenadier Squaw stood aloof—sad, sullen, and dejected. She was very fond of the child of her adoption, and it was hard to give her up. Molunthe's children stood whispering around and casting curious or angry looks first at Wa-ta-wa, their sister; then at Malott and his wife, and then at the other two children, now again seated on their ponies.

When the story was completely through, Molunthe, said, sadly: "It is the mysterious work of the Great Spirit. Molunthe loves Wa-ta-wa as his own blood; but they love her more than he does. She is free."

He turned abruptly about to conceal his emotions, and bade his family go back to the village. The Grenadier Squaw stood sullen and hesitating. At last she said to Girty: "Wa-ta-wa must stay at Molunthe's lodge. We cannot yet give her up. We must have a Council."

"Oh, certainly," Girty hastened to reply. "We will not take Wa-ta-wa without all are willing. I will stay here several days with Colonel McKee and this white family with Isaac Zane. Wa-ta-wa will go home with you;" and then sinking his voice so that the chief's wife alone could hear it, he added this (*argumentum ad feminam*:) "I will give for her more than I said I would when here before."

Just at this juncture, and when Molunthe and most of his family were mustering homewards, a sturdy, active, keen-eyed little Indian lad, of about twelve years, angrily broke from Molunthe's hand, and with an air half angry, half fearful, ran rapidly back to Wa-ta-wa, and, clutching her hand, said with great spirit that his sister should not go with the strange pale-faces, but must come home with him. Those who did not understand Shawnese wondered at his eager, excited manner, but Kate turned to her mother and said in English, "It's my Indian brother, Lewis. We are always together. I don't know how to leave him."

Then stooping down, she kissed him tenderly, stroked his jet black hair, and tried to pacify him, begging him in the only language he understood, to run home and she would be there after a little. Molunthe, meanwhile, had come back, and looking somewhat "sully about the lips, but teary around the lashes," essayed again to lead little Lewis off, but he only clung the tighter, stamped his tawny, bare foot imperiously, and refused to leave his sister.

In this dilemma, Girty hastily stepped up. The poor fellow, such was the great confusion, and so busy was Kate in making acquaintance with her relatives, had not yet had an opportunity of exchanging one word, although he had glances with her. He now exclaimed: "Halloo! what's the row, my little lad? and so you shall stay with your sister," adding in a lower tone, "I don't wonder you can't part with her. But come, I'll fix you."

So saying, he mounted the little fellow with Frankie on the pony, at which he was greatly content, if sister Wa-ta-wa would only walk alongside.

Kate now turned around to Girty, took his hand in both of hers, and with a look of tender gratitude in her kind blue eyes, that thrilled along his every nerve, she feelingly exclaimed:

"How glad I am to see you again, Captain. Was too much flustered to speak before. You've far more than kept your promise. You only told me you had seen mother and would take me to her, and here, in one short month, you bring her and father, Frank and Nell. Oh, I can't yet believe it. You're too kind and good, and I'll never forget it," and a teardrop stood in each soft eye.

"Pooh! pooh! Kate, I never—you need—it's just nothing at all. 'Twas all a chance like. You wait til I kin do something for you. Go-ru-sa-lem!" replied Girty, looking red and very much frightened.

"Indeed, Mr. Girty, I've been thinking so much of what you said. You don't know every day I kept a looking and looking for you, but it seemed as if you'd never, never come."

"By Jove, Kate, I'm confounded glad to hear you say so," answered Girty, in a pleasant flutter. "I bet you I come as soon as I could."

"Yes, and after thinking of getting away so much and seeing mother, then to have the whole of them come on me all at once. I was for a while stunned—couldn't say a word, or make a motion until you spoke out and told Molunthe, it was father and mother. Then it seemed as if I had to scream or die."

"Oh, it was your mother you were thinking of all the time, was it?" said her companion, plainly looking his disappointment.

"Yes; but I'm glad to see you, too, my kind friend. But I must go. You'll come and see us to-night, captain, won't you?"

"I'll be around, never fear," absently answered Girty, not feeling so hopeful as before.

He could not banish the thought that his chance of securing Kate as a wife would have been far better if her rescue from the savages had depended entirely on himself. Fear and gratitude are not the best foundations to base a matrimonial alliance on, but they are helpful, too, in a pinch, and so thought Girty.

Kate had grown to be a charming as well as a beautiful girl. Her wealth of golden curls, her clear, fresh complexion, her frank, pleasant blue eyes and her fine figure and graceful carriage, made her a strong contrast to the dark-eyed, black-haired and olive-complexioned Indian girls. She was greatly admired and petted among the Shawnees, and shortly afterwards had the reputation of being the prettiest girl in Detroit. She did not speak English quite so smoothly as we have written it for her, but there was only a slight hesitation at times. One does not forget a language in three years, besides there were always captives and English-speaking residents at Wappatomica with whom she had occasional practice.

We have not pretended to give the joyful, ejaculatory snatches of conversation that occurred between Kate and her strangely-found relatives. Not one of them could as yet fully realize the strange discovery. They would gaze and gaze at the emerging young maiden, so quickly grown from girlhood to womanhood, and seem to devour her with their eyes, but they felt too deeply and tenderly for much talk. She was dressed altogether in Indian costume, only with a little more taste, and with garments more richly ornamented than usual, as well became Molunthe's daughter.

CHAPTER LXXX.

A GRAND COUNCIL, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

The Shawnees had gone on to the town as soon as the first discovery was made, and spread the startling news. Consequently when our family party reached Wappatomica, they found it in a great state of excitement. All the people were out in force, and many were

the curious glances cast at Simon Girty and the newcomers.

An Indian village is much like any other in respect to gossip, and many were the groups of tawny females and garrulous guid nunc that hummed and buzzed around that evening. They discussed everything—Girty's battle and defeat, Wa-ta-wa's parents and the two children, the coming council, and, most probably—for Indian maidens are as quick at discerning courtships as are their more civilized white sisters—Girty's love venture.

Among the first persons who advanced to greet them, dressed in a British uniform, and strutting along with considerable pomp and a swelling air, was Col. Alexander McKee, the notorious Indian Superintendent and tory renegade, who had fled from Fort Pitt in '78, with Girty and Matthew Elliott. He was high-cockalorum among the Mad River Shawnees, had married a squaw, and lived with his half-breed family in a comfortable house of hewn logs and shingle roof, outside the town. He claimed Girty, promising him to use all his influence in having the whole Malott family allowed to go to Detroit.

Next came to greet them Isaac Zane, a brother of the Wheeling Zanes, and also—strange to say—having an Indian family and a popular, respectable householder of that Indian town.

He also promised Girty his influence with the Indians to secure the release of the Malott family, and insisted upon taking all of them save Kate, who was to remain with Molunthe until the decision of council, to his own home.

That evening the overjoyed parents spent with Kate at Molunthe's lodge. The next day they rambled with her through the woods or by the margin of the Mad River. They even took two meals with Molunthe, and at length all was won upon the Grenadier Squaw by their courtesy and gentleness, that even her opposition was completely disarmed.

Girty was kept busy the whole day perfecting his plans, visiting the chiefs, explaining and excusing his defeat and winning over adherents. Although living and generally operating with Pomoacan and the Wyandots, Girty was a very prominent leader and had great influence with both Shawnees and Delawares.

It was an interesting sight, too, to note how Molunthe's children fraternized with Frankie and Nellie. Indeed, these latter were about as much Indian in looks, manner and complexion as the former. They had been captives now three years; paddled away in Indian as well as any of them, and waded in the river for mussels, practiced with bow and arrow, and escaped for mischief with as much zest as any of them.

In all these sports, Lewis—a singularly bold, bright and interesting boy of some twelve years old—led the way. It was amusing to see him appoint himself little Nellie's protector.

Molunthe was evidently quite proud of this son and was so much engaged watching his old-fashioned ways and amusing [illegible] to see Mr. and Mrs. Malott. This Lewis in after years became a very distinguished and interesting character, lived long among the whites and was universally known on the border as Captain Logan.

At one time during the day, Lewis had led his little band of admiring followers into the woods to shoot mud-turtles with an old musket his father had lent him. There they found a ring of Indian gamins about a sad, sickly-looking white captive, of about eight years old, by the name of Jonathan Alder. He had fallen into the river and was nearly strangled, while the crowd of children were either threatening or ridiculing him for his misadventure. Lewis rushed in and trounced one of the bigger boys for his rudeness, and took the forlorn, homesick captive under his own protection. They brought him to Chief Molunthe's lodge, who approved Lewis's conduct and had the poor boy's garments changed and sent him home.

The next day came the grand council. By Indian law and custom the white family of Malotts were prisoners, and one of them, Kate, was the much-loved, adopted child of their chief Sachem, and public opinion was angrily divided as to the propriety of giving them all up at Girty's instance. The whole town was in a ferment. The massacre of the Moravians such a short time previous had greatly embittered all the Ohio Indians against the whites. The Shawnees, a fierce, cruel and bloodthirsty tribe, was especially hostile and implacable.

All thronged, therefore, to the Council House, some to take part in the proceedings, the rest to watch and discuss the course of events. It was an unusually large and capacious building, some fifty yards long, twenty-five yards broad and about sixteen feet high, and built of split poles covered with bark. Every warrior was admitted, but only the chiefs and leading "braves"—accounted such from the number of scalps or prisoners they had taken—had the privilege of a vote or of speaking.

At first a grave and dignified silence prevailed. It would not comport with the dignity of a council to do anything in haste or in anger. Every face wore a calm and untroubled expression. The attitude of each was one of repose and deliberation. In the eyes of some of the younger and more hot-blooded of the crowd a close observer might have detected a lurking devil, the quenchless, untamable fire of savage hate and ferocity.

After the pipe had made its round, the Chief Sachem, Molunthe, arose, and in calm, grave, measured words, stated the object of the council, and asked for the opinions of his people. The speeches then commenced, some assenting, others protesting against the release of so large a lot of prisoners, especially following so hard upon the severe defeat of Captain Girty, and the dreadful punishment of their own "braves."

All eyes at once rested on Girty, who sat on a high log in front in company with Colonel McKee and Isaac Zane. His face was carefully masked, his attitude respectful and studiously removed from anything like defiance. He had been busy the preceding day using all his arts to influence various speakers, for he knew well that by the speeches the deciding votes were controlled. He appeared well, very well. He had procured a new suit of buckskins. His eye looked bold and confident. One arm was in a sling, and a pair of epaulettes ornamented his shoulders. The volley of curious or indignant looks which were at once flashed at him he bore quietly, unflinchingly. A little spot of crimson that quickly mounted to each cheek was the only evidence of anger or mortification at the allusion to his defeat. He was slow to be stirred more deeply.

The excitement was evidently growing. Eyes commenced to glow, voices to become excited, faces to look passionate. And now a lithe, nervous, fiery-tempered chief by the name of the Black Snake, shot up. He was well called, for his eyes were small and glistening, his body was flexible and sinuous, and his voice was emitted with a sort of a sibilant noise like a serpent's. He was indignantly opposed to freeing—even to taking any prisoners. So they had long ago their orders from Detroit, but they would not obey. He inveighed upon the "Long Knives" with words of scorn and withering invective, and accused them of being robbers, drunkards, murderers. He then indulged in a lofty flight of fervent, impassioned rhetoric concerning the late wholesale massacre of the Moravians, and was in favor of shedding blood for blood.

His hot, jerky, vehement utterances had a prodigious effect. You could see it by the gleaming eyes, note it on the swarthy faces, discover it under the restless, nervous manner. It was plainly stirring up a perfect whirlwind of emotion. The hearts of the younger and more hot-blooded men of war commenced to seethe like caldrons.

Tarrhe, the Crane, a noted Huron chief, being present, was now, out of compliment, called on for his voice. He was calm, suave, and unctuous of speech and manner, and endeavored to throw oil upon the troubled waters. His nation were opposed to the torture of prisoners, which had long been abolished. They would not obey the orders from Detroit to "take no more prisoners." He hurriedly ran over the circumstances of the Malott capture, separation and reunital, and would let them all go free; if not for their own sakes, then for the sake of Captain Girty, who had long been a firm and unswerving friend to the redman and a terribly hostile foe to the "pale faces."

"The Crane" had scarcely finished ere Blue Jacket—one of the bravest and most promising of the young Shawnee war chiefs and afterwards famous as the leader of all the combined Indians at Wayne's decisive battle of the Fallen Timbers—leaped to his feet and commenced an artful, plausible and yet terribly effective discourse, in which ridicule, sarcasm and scathing invective were happily blended. He took the same course as the Black Snake, and was so severe and stinging in his sarcastical flings and taunts at Girty and his late disgraceful defeat, that the Renegade was lashed and goaded almost to fury.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GLOVES.

Long before gloves were considered as elegant necessities, they had their part in matters of ceremony and investiture, of which but one relic has remained to modern times. In old days, when writing was little used, formalities were more common; thus, one of the most usual ways of conveying land was by means of what was called feoffment with livery of seisin, and was performed "by delivery of the ring or hasps of the doors, or by a twigge of a tree, or a turfe of land." At the same time when these formalities were needful to the effective conveyance of land—then the only real property—giving possession by the delivery of gloves prevailed as a custom in other countries. Thus in the eleventh century, some bishops gained the actual tenure of their sees by accepting a pair of gloves. Gloves at that time were essentially an Episcopal emblem, as the mitre continues to be. When the old French kings were crowned, one part of the ceremony of the coronation consisted in the blessing of the gloves; for a long time investiture by glove remained a practice in Eastern countries. There is a memorable scrap of Oriental history to support the evidence of the existence of this custom. When King Conradin lost his crown through the successful usurpation of Mainfroy, and the unfortunate king had to mount the scaffold, he addressed the crowd round about him, asserted his right to the crown, giving as proof of his investiture a glove which he held in his hand, and then flung down among the crowd, charging whoever should pick it up that he would convey it to some of his surviving relations, who would reward the service and avenge the usurpation. The glove was picked up by some knight, who took it to Peter of Arragon, and that king was crowned at Palermo in virtue of the investiture of this glove.

FUN AS A PROFESSION.

The business of making people laugh is no joke. Punsters and wits, whose specialty it is to set the table in a roar, are generally, when off duty, a chopfallen tribe. Writers who produce largely in the humorous style, are, in at least three cases out of five, gloomy and taciturn. Comic actors, as a class, have always been notorious for their melancholy bearing behind the scenes. Liston, the comedian, the expression of whose face, even in repose, was so ludicrous that it provoked shouts of laughter, was one of the most confirmed hypochondriacs of his day, and Williams, for years the leading representative of broad farce in America, used to cry like a whipped schoolboy whenever anything went wrong with him. When Dominique, the French comedian, was convulsing all Paris with his drolleries, a physician of that city was one day visited by a miserable-looking man, who asked what he should do to get rid of a horrid desire to commit suicide which continually haunted him. "Go and see Dominique," said the doctor. "Alas!" replied the unfortunate wretch, "I am Dominique." Forced humor is indeed a sorry business. There is a reactionary principle in human nature which renders depression the inevitable consequent of over-strained merriment. The philosophy of all this is, that although wit and humor are cheerful faculties when suffered to develop themselves spontaneously, they are quite the reverse when compelled to drudge. In fact, no one faculty can be overworked except at the expense of all the others. To keep the body in a healthy, vigorous, elastic condition, all its attributes must be properly exercised. It is the same with the mind.

He that considers how little he dwells upon the condition of others will learn how little the attention of others is attracted by himself. The utmost which we can reasonably hope or fear is to fill a vacant hour with prattle and be forgotten.

HONEST and courageous people have very little to say about either their courage or their honesty. The sun has no need to boast of his brightness, nor the moon of her effulgence.

FACETIÆ.

GIRL'S RIGHTS—Kisses.

GIRL'S LEFTS—Old bachelors.

PLAYED OUT—A retired actor.

SOMETHING ABOUT PEANUTS—The shells.

A MAGIC VALENTINE.—A girl received a porous plaster in a gorgeous envelope bearing a monogram. On Saint Valentine's Eve she placed it next to her heart at bedtime, and the effect was magical the next morning.

CRUELLY CUTTING.—Forward and Loquacious Youth—"By Jove, you know—upon my word, now—if I were to see a ghost, you know, I should be a chattering idiot for the rest of my life."

Ingenuous Maiden—"Haven't you seen a ghost?"

AN advertisement in the Washington Star reads:

"If you want to be well dressed wear a Warwick collar, and have your boots blacked."

It must be warm weather at the capital to admit of such a wardrobe.

THE other day a postmaster, on entering his office, had his olfactory nerves disagreeably assailed. On questioning a boy in the office as to the cause, the facetious youth replied:

"I don't know, sir; but perhaps the smell comes from some of the dead letters."

EYE-RONICAL.—Waiter—"Beg pard'n, sir."

Languid Swell—"Wa-ell; what is it, James?"

Waiter—"Beg pard'n, I'm sure, sir; but d'you know, sir, is there a gentleman here with one eye named Walker?"

Languid Swell—"Dont know, I'm sure. Say, what's the name of the other eye?"

ALL IN HIS EYE.—"Well, sir," said the counsel, "did my client strike you on the face and head only, or did he inflict injury upon your whole body?"

"It was in the eye he struck me, sir."

"Ah! in the eye only, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, may it please your honor, we rest our case here. The plaintiff acknowledges that his injuries were all in his eye."

Sensation in the court.

Lo! Monday is the "washing-day,"
As all good housewives know,
Mountains of [illegible]
And clothes as white as snow;
And Tuesday is the "ironing-day,"
Mid cold or fog or heat;
And Wednesday is the "sewing-day,"
To see the clothes are neat;
And Thursday is a leisure day,
And Friday sweeps begin
To sweep away the household dirt,
[illegible] in;
And Saturday is "baking-day,"
Pies, puddings, cakes and bread;
And then the weary week is done,
And we may go to bed!

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to [illegible] Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Phila.]

NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I am composed of fourteen letters.

My 10, 5, 9, 1, 11, 6, 13, is a young domestic bird.

My 11, 8, 5, 5, is to put an end to.

My 10, 8, 4, 13, is what all people ought to take.

My 4, 9, 14, 11, is what a great many run.

My 13, 6, 1, 11, is a part of the human body.

My 7, 9, 1, 11, 10, 8, 13, 1, is what a great many people suffer at sea.

My 3, 13, 8, 5, 9, 4, 6, 7, 14, is what females adorn their hair with.

My 14, 5, 9, 8, 13, is what boys like to do in winter.

My 4, 9, 1, 3, 6, 4, 5, is a man's name.

My 5, 13, 5, 9, 13, is a woman's name.

My 5, 8, 9, 6, 9, is a Scotch gentleman.

My 6, 5, 13, is an intoxicating drink.

My 7, 13, 5, 11, 6, is a reptile.

My 5, 9, 11, 6, 13, 5, 14, 7, is what we all like to have of our friends.

And my whole is the name of a late distinguished novelist. HENRY N.

ENIGMAS.

1.

I am loved as a babe, though never caressed,
Called splendid when many are splendidly dressed;
I set them a-dancing, all full of glee,
And suddenly change them to despondency.
If thousands I please, you'll quickly discover
Displeasure in thousands, one way or the other;
Yet, at the same time, do good in one way—
An injury, also, both in one day.
I am treacherous called, and, I must admit,
I smile and give joy, just as I think fit.
From home I decoy the cheerful and gay,
Blow them up, mar their pleasure the rest of the day;
I oft cause destruction, and that very great—
As a demon, take life, I to you must relate;
Cause prayers to be read, and fearful alarm,
But when I do good it makes up for the harm.
Magnificent are the displays I oft make.
Vicissitudes of the season so great,
Will show to the mind of the grumbling man,
You can't do without me; so say what I am.
J. T. HEATH.

2.

I am the growth of Southern climes,
Whose sunny skies the peasant bless;
I am the color foplings choose
For a most dainty part of dress.
No animal will eat me, yet
In mouth of two I'm often seen;
Again, I am a graceful plant,
Verbena-like, of tender green.
I was a man of sprightly wit,
Of portly form (alas, he's dead!);
Long be his honored memory green,
Light lie the turf above his head!
ASHLEY H. B.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 47.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx," No. 41, Vol. 54.

CHARADE.—1. Search the Scriptures. 2. Cock-a-too.

A SUMMER MORNING.

BY A [illegible].

How gracefully each meadow wears
Its nice green paletot,
With buttercups and daisies trimmed,
Extremely comme il faut!

Along the sky those summer clouds
That float so soft and cool
Seem to the thoughtful gazer's eye
Like puffings of white tulle.

In many a glade the eglantine
Her clustering leafage sets,
And beautifully decks herself
With tasteful, neat rosettes.

Down on the shore the waves come in,
White pale foam edges them,
And look like flounces of blue silk
With white lace at the hem.

On foliage boughs the robin sings
In joy's most sweet excess,
Her scarlet jacket suiting well
Her glossy satin dress.

Oh, when among the cherries red
Each robin eats and trills,
It pleases me to see the dears
Send in their little bills!

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERCE EGAN,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Violet; or, The Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "Her First Love," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GIFT.

A two days' journey by rail, broken each night to prevent over fatigue, and on the morning of the third Harcourt Eliot wound up a road which passed over a cliff, stretching high up from the sea.

As the smooth violet plain, extending to the horizon, caught his eye, he muttered:

"There is the sea looking as treacherously calm as I saw it on that never-forgotten morning. Ha! there is the little church, and there nestles in the trees, as of old, the little parsonage—the same absence of life as at that dawn when the sleeping tenants received a gift from—me."

He drew a deep breath, more like a heavy sigh than an inspiration, and placed his hand on his chest.

"How my heart beats and my throat aches," he pursued; "I did not think I should be so moved. If—if—she should be dead!"

He lifted his hat from his brow, and wiped thence some cold drops of perspiration; then he replaced it and added, with a shrug of his shoulders:

"That, at least, would be for the best."

He paused before the little garden gate, and looked eagerly at the small winding walks, one of which led to the rear of the cottage, up at the windows, even away at the graveyard, to see if there was a child—a girl—a pretty, delicate child—she must be then between eleven and twelve years old, playing about; alone, perhaps, so that he might talk to her before he held any conversation with those to whose tender Christian mercy he had consigned her, and thus possibly furnish himself with an inkling of the course it would be wise to adopt with reference to her.

But there was no child in sight, no adult, no living thing, save a large seagull sailing slowly above the cliff, like a vulture in search of prey.

Quickening his step, he walked up the path to the little porch at the entrance to the cottage, where he had laid down the sleeping child ten years before, and knocked sharply at the door.

He felt the blow like an electric shock on his own heart, and expected to see it responded to by an old, bowed, saintlike looking man with venerable, pale, furrowed features, and locks of snowy whiteness.

Instead, his eyes were greeted with the form of a tall, rawboned, hard-visaged woman, poorly, but cleanly clad, and looking like a superior kind of domestic. She regarded him with looks of unequivocal surprise, and opening her mouth as if it were the organ she heard with, and wished to show that it was capable of admitting a very large supply, waited for him to begin.

That was what he hardly knew how to do, yet it was incumbent upon him, and in a hesitating way he asked to see the rector.

"Bain't no rector here," promptly answered the woman, with an unaffected derisive laugh; "only a curate."

"Can I see him?" interrogated Harcourt, slightly contracting his brows.

She shook her head.

"Be away for his holiday, he be," she replied; "Irish parson do duty for'n while he be away; but he only comes Sundays."

This was a poser.

Harcourt looked at the woman's face. She seemed to be about fifty years of age.

"How long have you been here?" he inquired, "a long while, I suppose."

"About a years," she answered, curtly, as if she was rather surprised at the questioner's impudence. "Why?"

"Because about ten years ago," he commenced, speaking with hesitancy, "I—that is—I desire to know——"

"Know nothen 'bout then; wasn't here then," interrupted the woman, a little impatiently. "That wur in old Parson Milburne's time. He be dead an' gone these two years."

"He had a wife?" he put, interrogatively.

"Oh, yes; but the poor lady soon followed the old parson, I belev'," responded the woman. "So I bin told. Was much put about by little brat, she wur, they'd 'dopted it. Say the little witch broke her heart. Doesn't wonder at that—sich a little born imp I never heard on."

This was giving him information with a vengeance. He could not have described the feeling that went over him, but it for the moment quite unnerved him.

An adopted child—a girl too; that was the one of which he was in search, no doubt. But what a character! A born imp who had broken the heart of her adopted mother!

His first impulse was to let matters remain as they were, and return to Lee with a legend that the house he had gone to inspect would not suit him; but then some not altogether well-known emotions tugged at his heartstrings, and suggested to him that it was his child, whom he had trusted to the mercy of strangers, whom he was again about to desert without stretching out a finger to raise her from the destitute, friendless condition in which he had forced her.

At least he ought to see her, and trust to his own impressions. It occurred to him that the lowest ruffian would have some such instinct as that.

He twirled the point of his moustache for a moment or two musingly, and looking up under his eyelashes at the woman, he said:

"Adopted a child—a little girl, eh?"

The woman showed him her teeth much as pet dogs do when they snarl.

"Little girl!" she repeated; "a little fiendish goblin—doesn't look like a human creatur'."

Harcourt worked his tongue and teeth together as though he had something between them difficult of deglutition.

"This woman," he said to himself, "is an idiot and a coarse beast. I shall not trust to her description."

He addressed her curtly:

"Of course, this child of whom you have spoken so deprecatingly is—is—a—still alive——"

"And kicking," appended the old woman, with a most expressive grin; "and kicking," she repeated; "they knows that about here, they do, I reck'n."

"And kicking," thought Harcourt, perplexed. "What does the vulgar harridan mean?"

His heart lay down in his chest benumbed, more like a lump of stone than a palpitating lifegiver. He had to clear his throat to ask—

"Where?"

The woman pointed to the base of the cliff, where the road wound inland.

"Down in the outscouts of the village there," she replied; "ask for old Deb Keyne's cottage. She lived with Parson Milburne and his wife for near fifty years, an' has a trifle they left her an' a mite of parish 'lowance. She h've taken to the little cat—giv'n her house room an' feeds her. If she hadn't nobody else would, an' she'd been left to starve or drown or the workus. Ah!—heaven only knows what."

Harcourt felt his hair bristle, and was icecold at the finger tips.

Why, this child must be some untractable reprobate. He thought of her sweet, innocent face as he laid her down on the threshold of the old clergyman's door.

"It is impossible!" he thought; "there must be some mistake. I must settle that point."

He drew out his purse, and gave the woman some silver coins, which wonderfully relaxed her contrary nature.

It was oil poured on troubled waters, and she was instantly full of description as to the whereabouts of old Deb Keyne, and apparently absorbingly anxious that he should find her.

He listened in silence; but when he turned to depart he affected indifference, and expressed his doubts as to whether he should seek the old woman or not, as in reference to the matter he had in hand he questioned whether the "labor was worth the candle."

Nevertheless, though he sauntered slowly along, swinging his small, canelike umbrella in an idle fashion, he proceeded down the winding road, and as he turned inland he followed closely the direction which the old woman at the parsonage had given him.

He found the "outscouts" of the village very much resembling similar places in Ireland, and a disgrace to civilization. The streets, or rather ways, were narrow and multifarious, and were paved with boulders, small and large, obtained from the shingle on the seashore or a neighboring granite quarry.

Through the centre wound a gutter, along which flowed, constantly, water impregnated with all kinds of rubbish and filth. The cottages were built of stone, mostly semi-detached, and hence the numerous and diverse alleys. They were small, and betrayed considerable indifference to social comfort and cleanliness generally; and such of the women as met Harcourt's eye did not give him a high opinion of their care for personal appearance, or their devotion to domestic duties.

They lolled against doorposts, leaned out of windows with crossed arms on the sills, pitched their voices in a high key when addressing each other, and in one or two places discussed differences of opinion in shrill tones, the reverse of amicable, surrounded by acquaintances of their own sex who espoused opposite sides in equally high voices, with the same volubility and unreservedly tendered advice, which pointed to a settlement of the difficulty by an appeal to finger nails and boot tips.

Harcourt threaded his way gingerly, feeling, when he saw that he became the momentary object of attention to some of these damsels, in the position of the "swell" in the mining districts who, because he was a stranger, was deemed entitled to the welcome of "'arf a brick" hove at him.

He did not for an instant have the vanity to believe that he created a pleasing impression upon the belles hanging about, who dressed and moved with unstudied grace; but, on the contrary, detecting scoffing smiles upon the not over-clean countenances of these Hebes, and catching the words "Jack-a-dandy" and "pup" from their curling lips, he was not quite assured that they would not feel urged to greet him with handfuls of mud and decaying vegetable matter from the stream so convenient to their hands.

So, not appearing to be aware of their existence, he continued his progress until he had worked his way through a labyrinth of the cottages, and he emerged upon a small, open green space, which was backed by a thickly-wooded plantation of trees of no very great height or girth, but bearing all the outward signs of great age.

Just as he reached the conclusion that he had passed the Scylla of an irreverently unappreciative female population, and had reached the Charybdis of having lost himself, his heart was brought up into his mouth with a jump by suddenly hearing in his rear a volley of loud, shrilly pitched cries, so closely resembling the stage representations of the war whoop of a band of Choctaw Indians as anything he could imagine.

He had not the least doubt there had been a rapid consultation between the youthful demoiselles, who had regarded, with a kind of loathful scorn, the superiority of his attire, and that they had come to the determination to take off the bloom which he displayed from his shining hat to his polished boots.

He turned red—he always did this under the influence of sudden emotion—and turned to face the clatter.

As he had suspected, he saw some dozen or fifteen girls of various heights, between the ages of eight and sixteen, coming in his direction full scamper, yelling and shrieking; but to his surprise, instead, as he expected, of being armed with missiles to pelt at him, he saw stones and handfuls of slush hurled in pursuit of them.

The ringing sound of the smashing of glass was followed by some shouts of men's and boys' voices and the barking of dogs; but above all a yell, a screech, a piercing shriek, that went through his brain, peal after peal, keeping pace with, but rising far above the cries it accompanied.

A moment more, and the girls in advance were up to and past him without taking heed of him. He saw that they were not all terrified, for though they advanced scattering, like a frightened flock of wild ducks, they were grinning as well as squealing, and betrayed, by their exclamations and antics, that their cause of fright had its ludicrous as well as its alarming side.

Incidentally it struck him as a droll aspect of the scene that all the fleeing girls looked all legs and short frocks, that the former were covered with brown woolen hose, terminated by oppressively large shoes, and the former, of a coarse texture, were all of a light hue, which made the scare resemble the stampede of a flock of geese.

Then this thought was instantly banished from his mind by a sight which for the moment staggered him.

It was the appearance of the girl alone, in seeming pursuit of these flyers and screechers.

At the first glance he thought her to be about twelve years old, yet on a second look she seemed older and taller.

That second glance he obtained because she halted in front of him the moment her eyes lighted on him. And such eyes!

Not that they were glaringly palpable, for she had an unusual luxuriance of hair which, unfastened and uncared for, descended in long, irregular thickness from the crown of her head to her waist. It was in massive waves down her back; but it strayed over her face, nearly concealing her features, but not by any means shutting out her lurid eyes. They flashed out between the turbulent wavelets of silvery drab and not glossy hair, like stars in the night, and brilliant as electric jets.

When she turned them full on to his searchingly, penetratingly, questioningly, he felt a cold tremor seize him.

But he took in all her figure and her belongings at one glance, for his heart, his brain, and his memory were surging hot within him.

The child was a ragged, beggarly, dirty creature. She had on her body, barely reaching to her knees, a frock of coarse serge, once dark blue, now black with dirt.

Upon her feet were a large pair of boots, made for a much bigger girl, confined to her ankles, and kept on her feet, indeed, by lanyards of string. That was all her attire.

In her left hand she carried a stout black hickory stick; in her right a rather formidable lump of granite.

Alas! it seemed but only too clear that she was a miserable daughter of Cain—that her hand was against every one, as every one's hand was against her.

As we have said, she halted in front of him, but not to waste a moment over him. Her eyes seemed to pierce him through with one look, and her inspection, in a degree, to satisfy her.

With a rapid gesture of her head, she threw back her straggling locks from her cheeks, and disclosed a face to him which seemed to be of superhuman but devilish beauty. Every feature was faultlessly shaped, but the whole expression was appalling.

She raised the hand which bore the stick towards him.

"You are no coward, are you?" she asked, with a singular scornful lifting of her upper lip.

Then she added, before he could reply:

"Besides, you are a gentleman—a squire—got some great mines about here, I suppose. You don't fear the miners, and they do you. I don't care for any or all of the squalling cats yonder, but there be some o' the boys an' men after me, and they'll throw me into the pond yonder. They say I be a witch's brat, an' can't sink, but they've nearly drowned me twice. Here, take my stick an' keep 'em off until I gets home to old Deb Keyne's. He' gotten a dog there? They minds him."

Before Harcourt had time to stretch out his hand to accept the weapon she offered—and he was about to do so involuntarily—three or four boys of fifteen or sixteen came up, whooping, at a bound, and, swooping round him, seized her, at the same time yelling and shouting and screeching:

"Duck her! Into pond wi' her! Make the witch's baby swim for't!"

Now Harcourt could not perfectly make out the form of the girl, for she swayed, swung, flew, leaped in the air, threw herself about, twisted herself into all kinds of fantastic antics, until she resembled an entangled labyrinth of thread.

And simultaneously he heard several sounds as of the sharp rap of a hard stick on a wooden fence, and two of the boys came at once out of the turmoil, one with a bleeding nose and eyes in the back of their sockets, as if he was giving up the ghost, and the other covering one eye with both hands, and doubling himself down to the grass, while he howled like a bull calf.

The others, some with bumps on their skull as big as walnuts, drew off, and began to tear up clumps of turf to fling at the extraordinary girl.

But, with a nimbleness which astounded Harcourt, as soon as she found herself free, she turned her stick into his arms, and fled like a greyhound across the common to a cottage in the distance.

The pack of boys, now joined by men, were about to lay on again in pursuit of the wretched object of their vengeance, when Harcourt, roused to action, dashed to the front of them, and, in a voice of thunder, called upon them to stop.

A hard-visaged, strongly-built man, though only of the middle height, who had had a pane of glass in his cottage window broken, hustled his way to the front.

"You get out," he cried to Harcourt, showing his fangs like an enraged dog. "You no business wi' it."

And, stamping his heavy nailed boot down on Harcourt's foot, he thrust him back.

Harcourt, instantly inflamed with fury, whirled the hickory stick which the girl had given him twice sharply round in the air, and then delivered it on the man's frontal bone as if it were a thunderbolt.

At all events, he fell as if he had been struck by one, and the sound and the sight of the prostrate man seemed to command itself to the others, and to urge the mob to listen to Harcourt's

address, as he indignantly called shame on their manhood for uniting to wreak their angry wrath upon a child, and that child a girl.

In a very few minutes they were brought to express contrition for their conduct, not so much from a sense that they had been guilty of cowardly brutality, as from the resolute bearing of Harcourt, the way he flourished the hickory stick, the sight of their companion, who was sitting on the grass in tears and sobbing, a polished blue lump as big as a duck's egg on his forehead, the fear that his assailant was a mine owner, and last, not least, his offer to pay for the broken glass and a gallon of ale besides.

The production of a handful of silver, and the distant sound of a mill bell calling the men to work, settled the matter.

The wounded villager was led away with a headache which entitled him, he believed, to the largest share of the beer, and in a few seconds Harcourt found himself alone again.

He pressed his hands to his beating temples, and a groan escaped him.

"Can that creature be her child—and mine?" he asked, hoarsely, mystified beyond description. "That the little sweet cherub I laid in the porch of the vicarage yonder? It cannot be. 'Tis impossible!"

He played with and twisted the end of his moustache rapidly and irritably, and thought and thought until his brain ached, but to no purpose. There was no solution to the questions he mentally propounded. How could there be?

An anathema escaped his lips.

"I am in the hands of fate," he muttered, with grinding teeth; "I always have been. I am the unluckiest devil in the world. I must see this out. What am I to do? I *must* see it out."

He turned his glance at the cottage into which he had seen the little eldritch girl enter, and directed his steps—his most reluctant steps—towards it.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW HARCOURT RECEIVED BACK HIS "GIFT."

The cottage towards which Harcourt Eliot bent his reluctant steps was not broken down or dilapidated, though evidently very old, perhaps more than a century, for it was built of granite blocks, and was roofed in with shingles of a kind of schist or slate stone. There was a small garden in front, which in one sense was neglected, but in another was evidently the object of some solicitude.

There were cairns and mounds, and erections of the most fantastic forms and shapes, built of pieces of ore, red, blue, black—some glittering like myriads of diamonds, others dull and sooty, or brilliant in color. In all were growing wild flowers, a few beautiful in blossom and hue, weird in shape, and evidently brought from some unfrequented heights or rock crannies in obscure spots.

There were as well wild plants, which were little else than rank weeds, but bearing huge leaves, broad and starry, flat and spiky. There were also sea shells of all shapes and sizes, ferns of every variety, the most numerous being those found in the wildest and most dangerous crevices of the neighboring hills and cliffs.

Notably, in the very centre, was a rocky formation, irregular and fanciful, as though it had once been portion of a pendant in a stalactite cave. It supported a bed of black, mossy mould, and from it uprose some singularly fine examples of the true maiden's hair fern, which could only have been found in the depths of some dark cavern, and brought thence by a daring spirit.

The sight of this strange garden did not reassure Harcourt Eliot, for he believed he could trace in its wild, disordered beauty the hand of the child whom he had rescued from the scant mercy of the villagers. Surely no old woman would devote herself to such a task, and none but a mind untaught and reckless in its vagaries of fancy would bring into existence such an exhibition as this.

With his heart lower and heavier, he intuitively tapped at the door, and then, raising the latch, entered the cottage in response to a welcoming summons of shrill elfin laughter.

The room, or whatever it might be called, seemed to be unnaturally dark, and partly filled with smoke from a fire of damp green wood, over which he could just discern the form of an aged woman bending and crooning. Before he had time to look more closely at her, the place was filled with a flood of light. A heavy curtain had been hastily drawn from before the window, and he was at once able to see that the act had been performed by the young creature he had rescued, and that she offered herself to his attention in a no less dramatic and as little satisfactory a form as before.

She had advanced to the centre of the room, and stood upright to confront and receive him with an air of wild dignity that impressed him much, but did not at all gratify him.

Perhaps, with the innate sense of coquetry, or rather it might be juster to say vanity, that belongs to her sex, she had flung loosely about her shoulders a scarlet woolen scarf, which partly concealed the lowness of her poor old serge frock, but yet left her neck and one shoulder bare, and she had removed the ungainly boots from about her feet and ankles; but as she had no others they were left bare. They were, however, white and clean, small, and prettily shaped.

Her dishevelled locks she had cleared from her temples and pushed behind her ears, though she had no fillet with which to confine it, and it descended in massive waves to her waist behind.

To add to her striking appearance, she had by her side a large dog of the mastiff breed, but evidently of a very mixed parentage. He was coal black, with a shining, smooth coat, and his eyes, which were at once steadfastly settled on Harcourt, were like two jets of red flame.

Before the latter had time to note of ought else, he saw the sprite's childish face light up with a gleeful smile. She clapped her hands with seeming delight, and cried in a silvery voice, which had yet something shrill and harsh in it:

"Ho, ho, squire! Come in, squire! Welcome, squire! Don't be afraid o' Panther, he won't hurt you. Panther only hates curs. I hate curs. You ain't no cur. I saw you. You took my part against they brute beasts, and I like you, for nobody takes my part save Old Deb, and Panther—he do, don't you, Panther, my pet lamb?"

Panther yawned with a kind of yelping whine, as though already weary of waiting for a taste of Harcourt's throat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHALDAIC STORY OF CREATION.

Mr. George Smith has written a letter to the London *Telegraph* concerning his efforts to read the Cuneiform tablets, which were procured by him in Assyria and deposited in the British Museum. These tablets contain the Chaldaic account of the creation and fall of man, and thus, at this comparatively late day of the world, their report comes to strengthen or to weaken the Mosaic history as recorded in the Bible of the same great events. Mr. Smith, after giving an account of the discovery of the tablets, says that when complete they must have numbered nine or ten, and that the history as recorded on them of what occurred "in the beginning" was much longer and fuller than the corresponding report in the Book of Genesis. He continued as follows:

"The narrative on the Assyrian tablets commences with a description of the period before the world was created, when there existed a chaos or confusion. The desolate and empty state of the universe and the generation by chaos of monsters are vividly given. The chaos is presided over by a female power named Tisalat or Tiamat, corresponding to the Thalatth of Berosus; but as it proceeds the Assyrian account agrees rather with the Bible than with the short account from Berosus. We are told, in the inscriptions, of the fall of the celestial being who appears to correspond with Satan. In his ambition he raises his hand against the sanctuary of the God of heaven, and the description of him is really magnificent. He is represented riding in a chariot through celestial space, surrounded by the storms, with the lightning playing before him, and wielding a thunderbolt as a weapon.

"This rebellion leads to a war in heaven, and the conquest of the powers of evil, the gods in due course creating the universe in stages, as in the Mosaic narrative, surveying each step of the work and pronouncing it good. The divine work culminates in the creation of man, who is made upright and free from evil, and endowed by the gods with the noble faculty of speech.

"The Deity then delivers a long address to the newly-created being, instructing him in all his duties and privileges, and pointing out the glory of his state. But this condition of blessing does not last long before man, yielding to temptation, falls; and the Deity then pronounces upon him a terrible curse, invoking on his head all the evils which have since afflicted humanity. These last details are upon the fragment which I have excavated during my first journey to Assyria.

"I have at present recovered no more of the story, and am not yet in a position to give the full translations and details; but I hope during the spring to find time to search over the collection of smaller fragments of tablets, and to light upon any smaller parts of the legends which *may* have escaped me. When my investigations are completed I will publish a full account and translation of these Genesis legends, all of which I have now been fortunate enough to find, some in the old Museum collection, others by excavation in Assyria.

SELF-MADE MEN.—Columbus was a weaver. Franklin a journeyman printer. Sextus V. was employed in herding swine. Ferguson and Burns were ploughmen. Æsop was a slave. Hogarth an engraver on pewter pots. Ben Jonson was a bricklayer. Porson was the son of a parish clerk. Akenside was the son of a butcher—so was Wolsey. Cervantes was a common soldier. Halley was the son of a soap boiler. Arkwright was a baker. Belzoni the son of a barber. Blackstone and Southey were the sons of linen drapers. Crabbe a fisherman's son. Keats the son of a livery stable keeper. Buchanan was a farmer. Canova the son of a mason. Captain Cook, began his career as a cabin boy. Haydn was the son of a wheelwright. Hogg was a shepherd.

MAN himself is the author of most of his infirmities, and of them the greater number originate purely in mental or moral causes. It would be absurd to suppose that many diseases, and deaths, too, should not arise from causes beyond the control of man; but his own pursuits and habits in life lay the foundation of by far the greatest portion.

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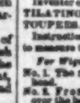

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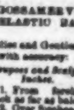

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The Boudoir

[Correspondents [illegible] fashion [illegible] to be considered in this department, in order to [illegible] should be addressed to "[illegible]" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

There is a curious tendency evinced nowadays to combine materials, which have hitherto been considered "incompatible," such as velvet and muslins, leather and even fur trimming used upon light silks. Perhaps this state of things has been brought about by the very unnatural conduct of stern, old father winter, who has prolonged his traditional "lingering in the lap of spring" to the very verge of fair summer's advent.

The most popular trimming for the cashmere mantles and dolmans, still so necessary to comfort on the promenade, seems to be feather ruches and bands, and sometimes light colored furs.

Velvet underskirts and sleeves will be worn all summer, with light overdresses. One of the prettiest of these odd costumes is an underskirt of dark blue velvet, trimmed with two shirrings of silk a shade lighter than the velvet. An overdress, apron front, long and square, made of ecru Mexicaine, very open in pattern; the bottom is edged with ecru lace. The back is looped and draped with wide sashes of blue ribbon.

A sleeveless basque of the Mexicaine, edged also with lace, and fastened in front with blue gros grain bows, is worn with velvet sleeves.

A yellow straw hat, trimmed with a blue scarf and a shaded wing, is an appropriate finish to such a toilette.

We noticed a very pretty costume of gros grain and camel's hair. The underskirt was of Havana brown silk, trimmed with three six-inch flounces, headed with a bias fold and standing ruffle. The overdress was of two shades of gray, in broken plaids. It was made with a deep square apron front, edged with a wide bias band of brown silk, and a deep knotted fringe. The back was draped to form a deep bouffant, and had one wide square sash, trimmed all round—that is at the bottom and on the sides—with silk and fringe. A wide sash of brown silk is draped under the bouffant and across the back, falling in ends at the left side.

The basque to this overdress is cuirass-shape, with two pieces of silk laid on directly in the middle of the back; cuffs and Byron collar of the silk finish the costume.

A gray debege dress was in two shades. The underskirt of the lightest shade trimmed with two gathered flounces and two knife-blade plaitings of light and dark shades.

The sleeves were of the light and were shirred from shoulder to the wrist. The overskirt was deep and round, looped high at each side and draped in the back. The sleeveless basque was of the dark as was the overskirt.

Linen suits are shown in brown and gray unbleached linen. They are trimmed in various ways. Some have simple plaitings and bias folds. Others have elaborate braiding, and some of the linen lawns are embroidered in English work quite richly.

Suits for little boys of seven and eight, are shown in plain grays and browns, simply made. A long vest buttoning just below the throat. The jacket is long, coming down well over the hips, and is confined at the throat with a tab of the same. The pants come a few inches below the knee, and have six or seven buttons on the outer seam. Sailor hats of straw and Derby hats of gray felt are much worn by lads of the ages mentioned.

Among the new importations of hats for ladies is the "Derby," which differs entirely from the "Derby" worn by men and boys. This feminine Derby has a high, round crown and a wide rim above the brow. It is sometimes turned up behind, and also rolled up all around. They are brought in straw of the different shades, and generally have a cord of satin or faille on the edge of the brim—sometimes there are two cords. A scarf of crepe silk or thin lisse of the same [illegible] with ostrich tips and [illegible] shaded wings compose the trimming.

We have had so many inquiries lately as to styles for making up percale and calico wrappers and dresses, that, in order to gratify our readers who are interested in such suits, we will describe two methods of making them.

One is to have a deep Spanish flounce on the underskirt, with a narrow knife plaiting on the bottom of it. A deep, round overskirt, trimmed with one or two rows of knife-blade plaiting. A half-tight-fitting basque, trimmed with one row of knife-blade plaiting. Sleeves half loose, with a cuff or also plaiting at the wrist.

Another style is a plain underskirt, trimmed with one or two bias bands stitched down by the machine. Overskirt [illegible] in front, with two wide [illegible] each side at the back [illegible] by loops, and [illegible] to be [illegible]. Trim with one or two bias bands of material, and place two pointed pockets on each side of the front. The waist is a loose plaited blouse, with [illegible] ends, trimmed with a bias fold of the material. Sleeves either half tight or also shaped longitudinally. Collar, sailor or Byron shape, or else a gathered ruff.

SUITS AND HATS.

Among the novelties for children's wear, are linen and batiste dresses embroidered in white. All colors are shown, and sometimes the entire skirt is wrought.

The large Leghorn hats so popular last summer will again be worn; the new shapes droop back and front.

Jackets of black [illegible] not covered with applique figures in black silk will be very fashionable this summer.

Very pretty jackets of blue, black and brown, are shown for young ladies and misses.

White linen suits trimmed with pique braid and large embossed pearl buttons, will be fashionable for boys of six to ten this summer.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. S. THOMAS.—Sent package per request 17th of April.

MRS. G. L. HARRIS (Wisconsin).—Samples sent [illegible] 10th of April.

MRS. W. G. P[illegible].—Answered letter, and gave piece of article inquired for.

"BROWN MAY."—In answer to query No. 1, we advise you to make with a deep flounce on the lower skirt; have a deep apron overskirt, and trim with a bias band of the same; make either a basquined waist, or else a half-tight fitting sacque, trimmed to correspond with the overskirt. Finish the neck with a deep collar or Byron collar, and wear a white frill inside. Make the sleeves half-loose, or a coat sleeve, and finish simply with a cuff or two rows of bias pieces of the material No. 2. Solid colors are used in moderation for trimming the material you mention. No. 3. Your white muslin will be fashionable worn over a black silk, or even black alpaca skirt. Loop it at the sides and back, and wear a sash. 4. White waists will be worn this summer.

NANNIE E. H.—We are in receipt of your very pleasant note, and reply to questions therein contained with much pleasure. We would not advise you to trim your pique with a color. Make the overskirt into one of the apron overskirts so popular now; trim it around the bottom with a knife-blade plaiting of cambric or jaconet, or else one or two rows of the many pretty pique braids. Alter the basque into a plain cuirass, and trim to match the overskirt. Trim the lower skirt with two deeper knife plaitings of the cambric. Make the pink delaine with a kilt-plaited skirt; put black velvet or pink gros grain bows down the front, or a little to the left of the front. Make a low peasant body, or waist, as it is generally termed, to wear with a high muslin shirt waist; and then, if material is sufficient, make a half-loose sacque to wear over it for the street, church, or any place of amusement. We can furnish any pattern you wish. NINON.

A STRANGE TALE OF AN INSTITUTE.

BY SEPTIMUS SLIPKIN.

One of the remembered figures, that most frequently appear to me in the streets of my native city, is the girlish form of my sister Elvira's first boarding-school friend, Mary Byron.

Whenever I happen to pass through the avenue of what was once a cemetery, but is now a beautiful square or park (for whether the scene of this story is New York or Philadelphia I do not mean to betray), I see Mary standing at the door of the third house east of the church, with her hand raised to ring the bell, just as I first saw her on the afternoon preceding our introduction at one of Madame L'Embuscade's soirees.

It was hinted darkly that madame had another object in view, besides the deportment of her pupils, in her Thursday evenings, when young men and maidens, as well as parents and children, were brought together; and that she charged a commission on her heiresses. This, however, was regarded by most people as mere idle rumor.

Little did I suppose that Mary herself would ever throw any light on so dark a subject. [illegible] after my introduction to her, by my sister Elvira, she asked me if I would inquire among the young ladies for the English teacher, Miss Tibbs.

Leaving at Mary's side Judge Gaston, who had a daughter, Seraphia, at madame's, I began my inquiries; and was finally told, by a miss in pink silk and brilliants, that Miss Tibbs had been seen going down cellar.

Strictly speaking, Miss Tibbs was only in the cellar-kitchen, where, over a chilly-looking fire, I found her trying to toast a translucent slice of bread. She had evidently not dressed for the soiree. I will say no more about her costume.

"Miss Tibbs," said I, rather abruptly, "I beg your pardon" (for she had started violently), "they have sent for you."

To my great consternation, this announcement caused Miss Tibbs to drop the translucent bread into the chilly fire, and lean up against the range with her hand to her heart. It was then that I said to myself:

"If she were better dressed, and had more color, and were not so sallow, Miss Tibbs might, even at twenty-eight, be thought pretty."

"Sent for me?" she echoed, with quivering lips. "Is mother worse?"

"No, no, no," I hastened to say. "I assure you, nothing of the sort. They want you in the parlor."

"They want me—in the—parlor?" she echoed, slowly. "They? Who?"

"Well," said I, discomfited, "for instance, there's Miss Byron."

"That darling girl!" exclaimed Miss Tibbs; "now I understand."

I saw tears in her eyes, and hastened to say:

"Sorry I made you drop your toast. Let me cut you another slice."

"No, no, please; I'd rather not. I have been ill all day; and—no, really—I—at such times I can hardly eat at all."

"You can toast, though," said I.

She started and said:

"Who told you?"

"My sister Elvira, when I was inquiring for you just now. She said you were always expected to hear your classes in your room, when you had headaches."

She hastened to excuse the barbarity.

"Well, you know, Mr. Slipkin, everything must move like clockwork in an institution like madame's."

"I suppose it must," I acknowledged, taking the breadknife in one hand and the loaf in the other.

"No, no, no," she interposed. "Madame would not like it. I shall do very well with my tea."

"Is that tea?" I asked, looking at a pale liquid in a cracked cup. "It needs toast to strengthen it," and I began to cut.

"Pray don't," said she. "We—they—I mean—it is necessary to be very [illegible] in an institution like madame's."

"Miss Tibbs," said I, "if that be the real state of the case, I shall see that my sister Elvira is removed at once from an institution that is very like [illegible]," and [illegible] bread I bowed to Miss Tibbs and returned to the parlor, where my report brought the [illegible] into Mary Byron's eyes, and caused Judge Gaston to look frequently from me to madame, and from madame to his daughter Seraphia, then in her last term but one.

When I had concluded, Mary, followed by myself, left the parlor in pursuit of Miss Tibbs; but as she stepped into the hall, as she did so, however, she shrank back as if she had encountered a serpent.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"He is," she replied, glancing up the hall stairs. "I am afraid of him."

Following the direction of her eyes I beheld madame's nephew, Philibert Gascoigne, standing at the head of the stairs and looking down. I believe that Mary would have retreated again into the drawing-room from the dark steady gaze of the young Frenchman, but that Miss Tibbs just then appeared with her cup and saucer in one hand and her toast in the other. Mary at once hurried to her.

"Won't you come into the parlor, dear? You are better, I know. I can't bear to see you go moping off by yourself as you always do."

Then she put her arms round her, and the two stood together a moment, making an indelible picture on my mind.

For all reply, Miss Tibbs, at the imminent peril of the tea and toast, put her arms on Mary's shoulders, and leaning forward gave her a timid kiss. Then she turned away, and I heard her sob. She was a sickly, nervous creature, that Miss Tibbs.

As she shook her head and resisted Mary's pleading, her one friend was following her upstairs, when a guest just arriving, as I judged from his cloak, hat and umbrella, not to mention his overshoes, hurried through the hall, and overtook her half way upstairs.

"Oh, Edgar!" she exclaimed, giving him both her hands, and looking as if she would willingly have fallen into his outstretched arms.

Glancing at Philibert Gascoigne as he still stood at the head of the stairs, looking down and watching this meeting, I did not wonder that Mary Byron was afraid of him. For the time, however, she had forgotten him.

"When did you come from Baltimore?" Mary asked.

"I arrived an hour ago," said the new comer. "You are not going to your room, surely?"

"Not now," she answered, with a smile that told me a long story. "I will be down again, as soon as I have said a word to Miss Tibbs." Then, with a charming side glance at him, she turned towards me: "Mr. Slipkin, my cousin, Edgar Pondaniel."

Half an hour later, she and her cousin, still watched by the nephew of madame, were oblivious of everything but each other in a snug little cabinet off the drawing-room, and the judge and I were partaking, at the Monumental, of refreshments more nutritious than madame's fancy cake and ice water.

"There are some things," the judge remarked, "that are objectionable in an institution like madame's."

"I shall advise my father," I replied, "to find for Elvira an institution as far as possible unlike madame's."

"I," said the judge, "propose taking Seraphia to Europe, with Miss Tibbs as her governess."

"Give me your hand," I cried.

"Yes," he returned—and I remember his exact expression—"I consider Miss Tibbs is one woman in a hundred."

The judge was enabled to carry out his propositions, but Miss Tibbs was conscientious, and would not leave madame till the vacation, so the judge was constrained to wait.

Neither would my father remove Elvira till vacation, so I was constrained to wait.

Meantime madame's soirees continued, and I remarked that Miss Tibbs sometimes appeared in the parlor; that Mary Byron's fear of madame's nephew seemed to wear off, and that Mr. Edgar Pondaniel, the handsome Baltimorean cousin, had gone to Rio Janeiro. I understood from Miss Tibbs that Mary had not since heard from him, that she was, in short, deserted by him, while, on the other hand, Philibert Gascoigne had redoubled his devotion, and his suit was steadily aiding him.

"Did she ever tell you she was afraid of him?" Miss Tibbs asked.

"Yes; nor do I think her fortune will ever enrich him."

"Constant dropping will wear away stone. Mary, who has written again and again to Edgar, without reply, goes to Paris this vacation with madame. Philibert Gascoigne accompanies them. The only salvation for Mary, in my opinion, is her cousin's return."

When I mentioned Miss Tibbs' opinion to the judge, he said at once:

"Mary must come with us. It will be pleasant for her, with Elvira and Seraphia. Miss Tibbs"—and again his expression fastened itself upon my memory—"is one woman in a thousand."

Madame, however, carried Mary off in triumph.

I heard no more of them till near the close of the vacation, when, in Elvira's last letter, the following paragraph appalled me:

"I met my friend Mary Byron in Paris. Oh! Septimus, she is married to Philibert Gascoigne! There is a mystery about it. It was a runaway match, and madame declares she will never forgive either of them. I doubt if Mary will ever forgive herself. When I, being her dearest friend, asked her if she loved the man, she shook her head. When I exclaimed: 'Then, how came you to marry him?' she colored crimson, began to cry, and finally ran out of the room. I have not seen her since. Miss Tibbs has been with her daily. The judge says Miss Tibbs is one woman in a million."

A week later I received a visit from Edgar Pondaniel, just arrived from Rio Janeiro. Over that scene I prefer to draw a veil. As his cousin had written to him, so he on his part had written frequently to her, but he had received no more of her letters than she had received of his. And now it was too late.

"As the two women thus stood together they were photographed on my memory in a picture never to be effaced."

"One thing, at least," said he, when he had recovered from the first shock of the dreadful news I had to break to him—"one thing remains. I shall challenge Gascoigne."

"Mr. Pondaniel," said I, "your poor cousin has one chance of happiness; let her love her husband if she can."

"And my happiness?" said he.

"True love does not think of self," I answered.

"You are right," said he.

And so we parted.

But poor Mary! Her one chance of happiness failed her.

I had just returned from a long western tour, when I met Judge Gaston in his new buggy within a square of his own house, which was undergoing renovation from base to cope. I congratulated him on that improvement.

"Yes," said he, "I have discovered that, as far as I am concerned, Miss Tibbs is the only woman in the world."

I again congratulated him, adding, that I should like to see Miss Tibbs.

"Nothing easier," he replied. "She lives now with her mother in a little cottage just out of town. I am on my way there. Join me. And by the way, there is another friend of yours with them, though I fear you will not derive much pleasure from that meeting. However, come along."

Something like a sad presentiment sealed my lips as to the other friend.

In the parlor of the little cottage just out of town I saw Mary Byron for the last time on earth. The room was cheerful as birds and flowers, sunshine and summer air could make it. But nothing, not even the tenderness of her faithful friend, could recall the sunshine to that pale, fading face, unveil the sad eyes, or raise the drooping head. As the judge's future bride, ere she greeted him, turned to her friend and put her arm around her with an air of protection that told the story of the shelter Mary had found in her heart and home, the two women, their positions thus reversed, were photographed again upon my memory, in a picture never to be effaced.

"Melancholy," said the judge. "She found among his papers, why preserved, I do not know, unless with the fatality of children, her intercepted correspondence with her cousin, and knew, too late, that he had been true to her. She will never hold up her head again, I greatly fear."

"And the worst of it is," added Mr. Slipkin, addressing the present transcriber, "that I have told you a true story, and that Madame L'Embuscade retired with a fortune."

CHARLES DICKENS said that "the first external revolution of the dry rot in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after."

Correspondents' Bureau

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RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—At Last. Who can Say? Spring Blossoms. Dreaming. The Mislaid Letter. Won by Courage. Mamie's Subterfuge. Fought with his own Weapons. After Many Days.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

SAM D.—To strengthen the eyes, bathe them in table salt and tepid water—a teaspoonful of salt to a small basin of water.

J. B. (Providence).—No one who is a perfect stranger to you can answer such a question as yours—"How long would it take me to master music with constant practice, my age being eighteen?"

PUZZLED.—The instructions are simple enough. When a recipe specifies ten parts of one ingredient and ninety of another, it of course means nine times as much of the latter as of the former; thus, nine ounces to one ounce, or nine pints to one pint.

C. W. S. (Harlem).—The width of Harlem River and Spuyten Duyvel Creek between New York and West Chester is from 300 to 400 feet. You ask us how it compares with the width of the Thames, through the city of London, and that of the Seine, through Paris. The width of the former is from 670 to 1300 feet, and the latter from 100 to 600 feet.

F. E. S.—We should say that the "luckiest day" to be married on was that on which the intended husband or wife was most ready and willing to have the nuptial knot tied. But, seriously, for such a solemn engagement, if the parties are ready, willing, and loving, any day is a lucky one. It is all nonsense to attribute good or bad luck to any particular day.

H. LAWSON.—Works on engineering are so numerous, that it would require a long catalogue to enumerate them. There are works on the strength of iron and timber, on the construction of bridges and docks, on beams and girders, and various other subjects connected with the profession. Write to the *Scientific American*, New York, and he will give you more practical advice than we can.

W. H. A.—If the gentleman prefers you to any other, you will easily discover it by his seeking your company more than that of the other ladies. We should guess by your letter that he is a general favorite with the fair sex, and, perhaps, among so many, he is puzzled which to choose. Do not be too forward in showing your regard for him until you are satisfied that he desires to win it.

M. D.—We thought everybody knew who Wilkins Micawber was. Is it possible you have never read "David Copperfield," one of, if not the best of all Dickens' novels? If so, pray do not delay any longer, but read it as quickly as possible, and you will thank us for a very pleasant treat. You will there find Wilkins Micawber, a man of everlasting troubles, constantly waiting for "something to turn up."

CLARA.—The cause of your hair falling off is through the weakness of the roots, and curling has a tendency to weaken it still more. Use a hard, penetrating brush, and brush the head frequently and well with it so as to excite the skin. Avoid the use of hair oils, and use refined soap and water to cleanse the roots. A little perseverance in this will strengthen the hair, and stop the tendency to fall off.

A SCHOOL-GIRL asks us a very foolish question, we think: "What is 'Love's Telegraph' by the rings that a lady wears on her fingers?" We believe that there is such a thing, amongst some young people, and that the following is the so-called Love's Telegraph: A ring on the left hand forefinger means—not engaged. Second or middle finger—engaged. Third finger—married. Little finger—will listen to no wooing.

CARRIE.—Our candid opinion of your writing, since you want it, is that it is particularly peculiar—a kind of a square style that is very confusing. Your t's are like l's, and the word "kindly" looks like "kinotly," and "spelling" like "spitting." [illegible] You should be very careful, indeed, to whom you give your photograph. Young ladies indeed cannot be too particular in this respect, for if they give them to every young man who asks for them, the result is certain to be unpleasant.

A.—It is a pleasure instead of a trouble to reply to the queries of our fair correspondents, and that pleasure is greatly enhanced by the numerous pretty epistles, similar to your own, that are daily received by us. From the preamble of your letter we expected half a dozen questions at least, and it came to one simple request, an opinion of your handwriting. It is very fair, and equal to the average of those we receive. For your congratulations on our success we thank you. It has more than equaled our expectations.

A [illegible] BROWN (Lynchburg).—We have almost a mind not to answer you for taking such a [illegible] and meaningless signature of [illegible]. [illegible]

W. MASON.—It is the custom of the Chinese to shave all the head except a lock of hair on the crown, which is allowed to grow to a great length, and which is artificially lengthened with silk artistically joined on to the hair. This custom [illegible] the conquest of the Tartars, [illegible]

A PHILADELPHIA BEAUTY.—Your letter in which you tell us of your love for your first cousin, [illegible]

R.—We are sorry that in your first voyage on the sea of love you have missed the haven of happiness.

"As all is mortal in nature, so is all nature
In love mortal in folly,"

says a great English poet, and we suspect that your folly has consisted in allowing yourself to be too easily won. As Burns says—

"Pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

And a young woman's love that is surrendered almost at the first asking, loses its sweetness in a short time. Your wisest course at present will be to take no further notice of the gentleman. He may change his mind and return to your company, in which case you can dictate the terms of reconciliation.

N. H. S.—Fra Diavolo, the hero of Auber's opera, was the soubriquet of Michael Pezza, a native of Calabria, born in 1760, and of whose early life accounts differ. He joined a band of robbers and finally became their leader. He declared for the King of Naples against the French, and in 1799 received a pardon, organized his band and made an incursion into Roman territory. He subsequently returned to Palermo, where he took part in an insurrection under Commodore Sidney Smith. He was taken prisoner at St. Severino and hanged at Naples in November, 1806, notwithstanding the intercession of the English, who respected him for his military prowess.

JENNIE C. (Wilmington).—It is undoubtedly much the better arrangement that the husband should be older than the wife, as he ought to be the stronger, the wiser, and the more experienced in the ways of the world, and therefore the better adapted to fight the battle of life. But, unfortunately, experience has shown that neither wisdom nor strength can always be measured by years; this rule cannot be taken as an absolute one by any manner of means. Where the parties are so strongly attached to each other as in the case you have put to us, and the difference in their age so very small, we would not look upon this matter as an insuperable obstacle to their getting married.

A BELLE.—The following beautiful lines are said to have been written by Mary Queen of Scots, a few days before her death. The musical sweetness of the original is scarcely translatable into English; but, in default of a better, we subjoin an imitation:—

My Lord and my God, my one hope and my stay,
My Jesus, thee dearest, O take me away:
In the bonds of my anguish, the woe of my pain,
I have longed but for thee—let me long not in vain;
Fast falling, bewailing, all lowly I bow,
Adoring, imploring,—O rescue me now!

E. G. C.—One of the most essential things in love affairs is entire and perfect frankness. Both parties should be frank—true to themselves, truthful to each other. How many uneasy, troubled, and anxious minds—how many breaking and how many broken hearts there are to-day in which content and happiness might have reigned supreme but for a want of frankness! Repentance inevitably comes for all these things; but it often comes too late, and only when the evil produced becomes incurable. In love, as in everything else, truth is the strongest of all things, and frankness is but another name for truth. Then always be frank. Avoid misunderstandings; give no reason or occasion for them. They are more easily shunned than cured; they leave scars upon the heart. You are less likely to be deceived yourself when you never try to deceive others. Frankness is like the light of the clear day, in which everything may be clearly perceived.

H. I. W.—"What are the earliest ages at which persons can be married in Europe?" This very question has recently been discussed in English and other foreign papers, and you perhaps have noticed it, and hence your inquiry. There is a very great difference in the marriageable ages of the European nations. The lowest ages for valid marriages are in Greece, Spain and Portugal—14 years for males and 12 for females—although the consent of parents is required in Portugal. In Austria the legal age for marriage is 14 years; in Prussia, 18 for males and 14 for females, although an amended bill, not yet passed, fixes the ages at 20 for males and 16 for females; in Italy, France, Belgium and Roumania the ages are 18 for males and 15 for females; in Russia and Saxony, 18 for males and 16 for females. In Hungary the marriage laws are entirely ecclesiastical, fixing 14 for males and 12 for females in the Catholic and Greek Churches, and 18 for males and 15 for females in the Protestant.

D. MACHALL (Barnesville, Ohio), thus writes: "I see in your paper, the SATURDAY EVENING POST, of May 6, 1876, No. 41, under the head of 'News of Interest,' the following: 'It is claimed that the tomato was first grown in this country at Portland, Me., in 1812, from seed brought from Cuba,' etc., etc. I wish to say to you that in 1814, at a camp meeting in Fairfax county, Va., tomatoes were on the table at the boarding tent every day; the landlord of the boarding house where I then boarded at college, took seed with him home to plant; his wife asked me if they were very good to eat. I replied 'no, a hog would not eat them.' Many citizens now living besides myself have seen them before 1812 growing in the garden of James Monroe, who, it is said, brought the seed from France. I came to Ohio in 1817, and knew it was two years before I came west that I seen them. Please excuse an old subscriber, who has taken the SATURDAY EVENING POST over 40 years." We are glad to hear from such an old and constant friend of the POST, and thank him both for the correction and for the very interesting information he has given us.

STUDENT.—Ezra Cornell, the founder of the University at Ithica, New York, which bears his name, was born of poor parents, and he had to work very hard for his living from his twelfth year, and consequently had few educational privileges. He was, however, of a shrewd and observing turn of mind, and by the time he reached manhood, had acquired considerable knowledge and skill in the use of all kinds of tools. Soon after Professor Morse had discovered the magnetic telegraph, Mr. Cornell was associated with him in bringing the invention to perfection, and devoted the whole of his energies to the introduction of the telegraph system. As we all know, for some time all their attempts were laughed at, and they themselves regarded as visionaries, but when the first telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore was opened in 1844, their success was completed, and Mr. Cornell was subsequently employed in the construction of various lines throughout the country. It was in this line of business that he accumulated his large fortune, which he spent with such great liberality and wise judgment.

L. J. H. (Philadelphia).—The unit of capacity in England is the imperial gallon, "containing ten pounds avoirdupois weight of distilled water, weighed in air at a temperature of 62°, the barometer being at 30 inches, the bulk of such water being 277.274 cubic inches." The United States unit of liquid measure is the gallon of 231 cubic inches, "which contains 58372.1754 grains of distilled water at its maximum density (39.83° Fahrenheit), weighed in air, the barometer being at 30 inches." The unit of dry measure in the United States is the Winchester bushel, "which contains 77.6274 pounds avoirdupois of distilled water, weighed in air when the barometer stands at 30 inches." It contains 2150.4 cubic inches, very nearly. The English bushel contains 2218.2 cubic inches; and 32 imperial bushels are equal very nearly to 33 United States bushels. The bushel of the State of New York contains 2211.84 cubic inches, being equal to "eighty pounds of pure water, at its maximum density." According to Bell's Encyclopedia, the legal bushel in Connecticut contains 2198 cubic inches; that of Kentucky contains 2150.42 inches, and the heaped bushel of New York has 2815 cubic inches.

LEAGUE ISLAND.—"Please tell me what is the strength of the German Navy in ironclads, and how it compares with other European nations, such as England, France, Russia, and Spain, for instance. I read a piece in some paper the other day in which Germany was put down below any of the countries I have named, in number of ironclads and also in the number of men to man her navy in time of war. Is this really the case?" It is true that, of ironclads fit to be placed in line of battle, England had, at the last date to which we have any authentic record, 50, Germany 8, and Spain 7. But the tonnage of the German ships and the size of their guns are so uncommonly great that, although few in number, they are supposed to be more than a match for any navy, except, perhaps, of England, Russia, and France. As to the number of men required to man their navies in time of war, England would require 60,000, of whom [illegible] would have to be enlisted for the purpose; Russia, for a like object, wants [illegible]; France, [illegible], Spain, 14,000, and Germany, 15,000, every one of the latter being always kept in readiness. But, though Germany is numerically inferior to these countries, this is compensated by the fact that German vessels are much more sparingly manned than those of almost any other nation, and therefore 15,000 German sailors would not be so much below the strength of 60,000 Englishmen, or 32,370 Frenchmen or 14,000 Spaniards, as the figures would seem to indicate.

MISCELLANEOUS.—I. R. G.—We can find no record anywhere of the first case of hanging in this country. V. J. M.—We know nothing regarding the institution you refer to, but we would not advise you to trust your money to it. G. E. F.—The word "Depot" should be pronounced de-po, the final "t" being silent. PHOTOGRAPHER.—The best work for your instruction is "Hanson's Complete Photographer," which we can send you by mail, costing us two dollars. J. C. M.—You can get the ingredients at any drug store. [illegible].—A man can hold the office of President of the United States for as many terms as the people choose to elect him, though no one has ever yet held it for more than two. The Constitution says nothing on the point. G. F. [illegible] W. H.—We are sorry to have to decline your [illegible], but they are not up to our standard. M. WILLIAMS.—We cannot read your handwriting. Please write again more plainly. V. E.—There is no way to stop a person from growing. Let Nature alone; she knows what is better for you than you do yourself. W. H. S.—There are many books you could learn in three years. The one you think you are physically and mentally fitted for would be the best if you have no preference. D. W. G.—New Zealand is about sixteen thousand miles distant from Great Britain; its climate is considered preferable to that of Australia. [illegible]—The 18th of September, 1876, fell on Monday.

☞ A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.